

CROWN

COMICS

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Harry Hotspur



HARRY HOTSPUR



ANGUS MACBEAN



FRANCIS WALSHING-
HAM

QUEEN ELIZABETH, DURING HER TROUBLESOME REIGN IN THE 16TH CENTURY HAD A WISE AND ABLE MINISTER; SIR FRANCIS WALSHINGHAM, WHO WAS FAMOUS FOR THE SECRET SERVICE HE ORGANIZED TO PROTECT HIS QUEEN AND COUNTRY. ONE OF HIS MOST BRILLIANT AGENTS WE ARE TOLD, WAS HARRY HOTSPUR, WHOM WALSHINGHAM SELECTED FROM THE COURT DANDIES FOR HIS EXCELLENT EDUCATION, PROWESS-AT-ARMS AND DIPLOMATIC EXPERIENCE.



LADY HUMBERLAND

HOTSPUR, LADY HUMBERLAND, AS YOU KNOW, WAS SENT TO ACT AS AN OBSERVER IN KING HENRY'S COURT. BUT SHE HAS BEEN FOUND OUT AND IS BEING HELD IN MONTBLEU CASTLE, IN EXCHANGE FOR VARIOUS OF THEIR AGENTS WE HAVE IN OUR PRISONS. YOUR JOB IS TO RESCUE HER.

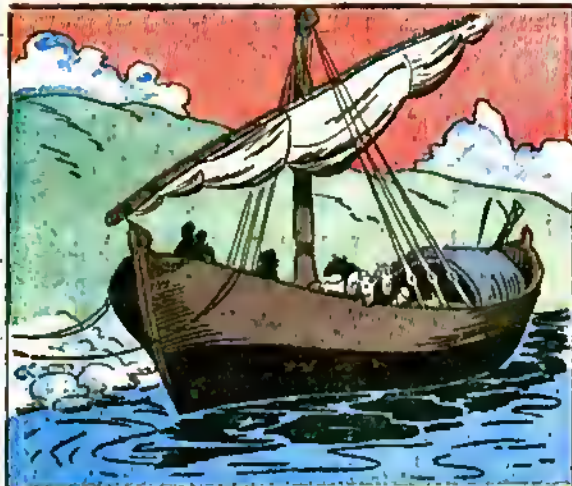
TO THAT END I WILL
DO MY UTMOST, SIR.



WALSINGHAM ASSIGNS HOTSPUR TO
HIS FIRST MISSION.



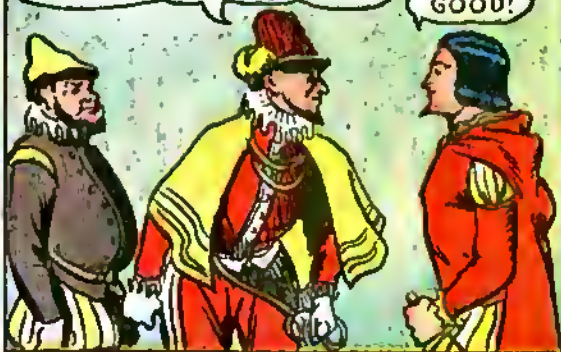
HOTSPUR, AND HIS SCOTCH MANSERVANT ANGUS, RIDE SWIFTLY TO THE COAST.



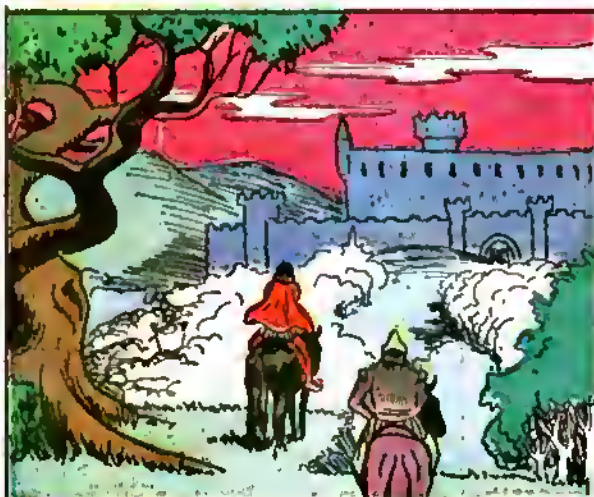
THEY MEET A PREARRANGED BOAT WHICH TAKES THEM ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

IF YOU FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS I HAVE JUST GIVEN YOU. YOU WILL BE AT MONTBLEU BY NIGHTFALL.

GOOD!



ONCE ACROSS, THEY MEET THE LOCAL ENGLISH AGENT WHO DISCOVERED LADY HUMBERLANO'S CAPTIVE-PLACE.



FROM THE SUMMIT OF A HILL THEY CATCH SIGHT OF MONTBLEU CASTLE.



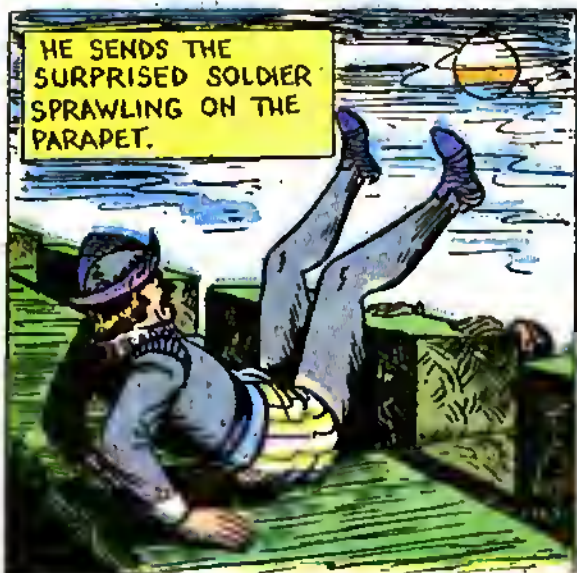
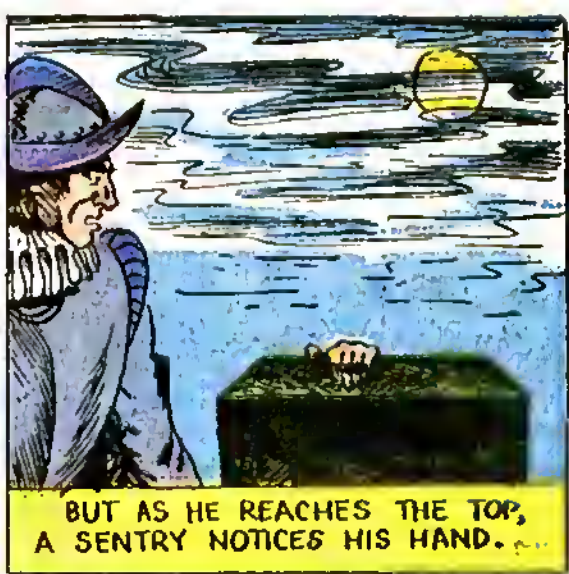
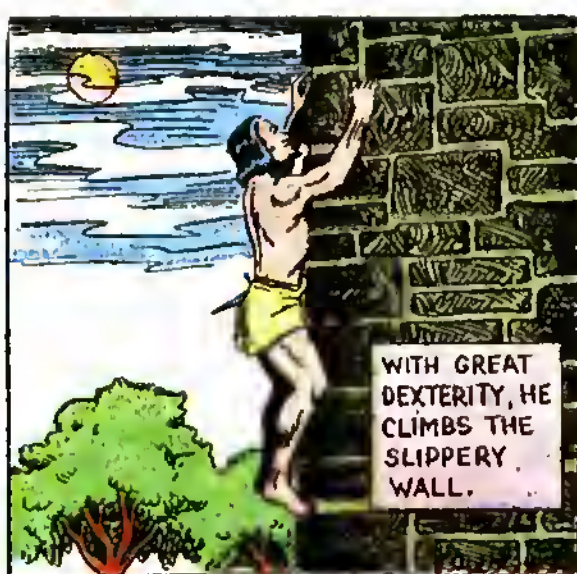
IT IS NIGHT WHEN THEY REACH THE FRENCH CASTLE.

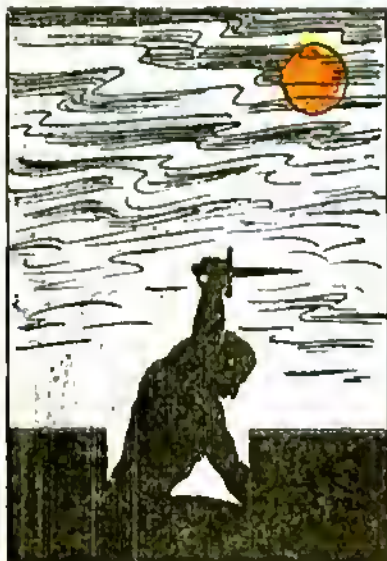


STEALTHILY, ON FOOT, THEY APPROACH THE REAR.



LEAVING ANGUS TO GUARD THEIR HORSES HOTSPUR SWIMS SILENTLY ACROSS THE MOAT.





HOTSPUR REMOVES THE GARMENTS FROM THE BODY AND DONS THEM.



THEN HE EASES THE ILL-FATED SENTRY OVER THE PARAPET.



THERE IS A TENSE MOMENT, A GREAT SPLASH, AND THEN, DEAD SILENCE.



SATISFIED THAT NO ONE HAS HEARD THE SPLASH, HOTSPUR DESCENDS INSIDE THE CASTLE.



HE FINDS HIS WAY TO THE SCULLERY WHERE HE BEGS A KITCHEN-WENCH FOR A BOWL OF BROTH.



AS HE TRIES TO FLATTER AND QUESTION HER AT THE SAME TIME, THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD ENTERS.

HERE YOU, STOP FLIRTING WITH THE SCULLERY-MAIDS AND RELIEVE THE GUARD IN FRONT OF LADY HUMBERLAND'S DOOR. FOLLOW THAT SERVANT.

AYE, CAPTAIN

THE CAPTAIN MISTAKES HIM FOR A LOITERING SENTRY.



HOTSPUR GLEEFULLY FOLLOWS THE UNWITTING SERVANT.

YER DUTY'S UP M'LAD I'LL TAKE OVER.

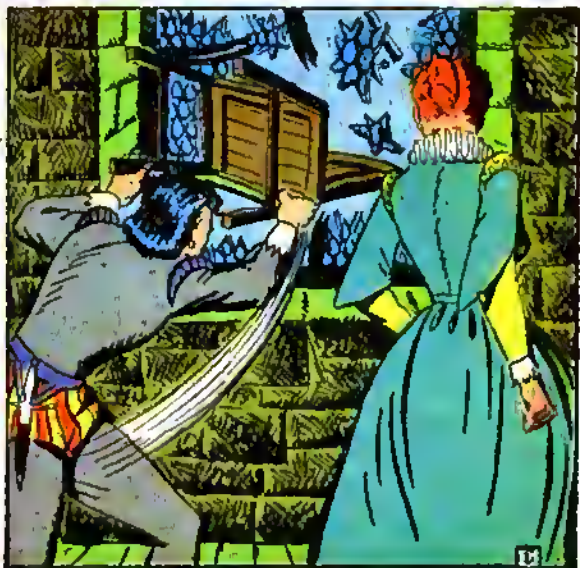
GOOD, BUT WATCH THIS ENGLISH LADY CAREFULLY.

HE RELIEVES THE GUARD.

HE WAITS TILL THE SERVANT LEAVES, THEN STEPS INSIDE.

WHAT MEANS THIS, KNAVE?

YOUR GRACIOUS LADYSHIP, I'M HARRY HOTSPUR, SENT BY THE QUEEN TO RESCUE YOU. QUICK, WE CANNOT HESITATE A MOMENT.



HOTSPUR, WITH THE GIRL IN HIS ARMS, LEAPS OUT INTO THE MOAT.



A SENTRY ON THE PARAPET, ATTRACTED BY THE SPLASH, SOUNDS THE ALARM

HO!
PRISONER
ESCAPING!



AS ANGUS HELPS HOTSPUR PULL THE LADY HUMBERLAND OUT OF THE MOAT, THEY ARE BESET BY THREE OF THE CASTLE GUARDS.

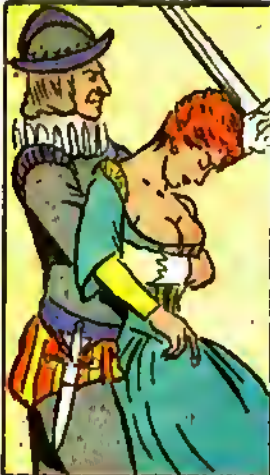
ANGUS, QUICKLY CORNERS ONE AND RUNS HIM THROUGH



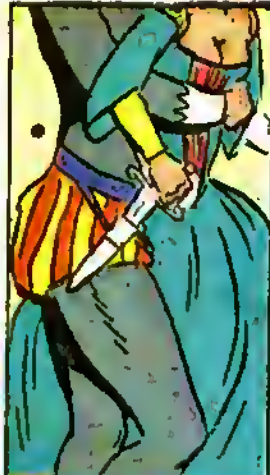
WITH SWIFT, DEFT STROKES, HOTSPUR TAKES CARE OF ANOTHER.



THE THIRD HOWEVER, HAS GRASPED HOLD OF LADY HUMBERLAND.



THE SOLDIER
FORGETS HIS POINARD



BUT LADY HUMBER-
LAND DOESN'T.



SHE PLUNGES IT
IN HIS SIDE.



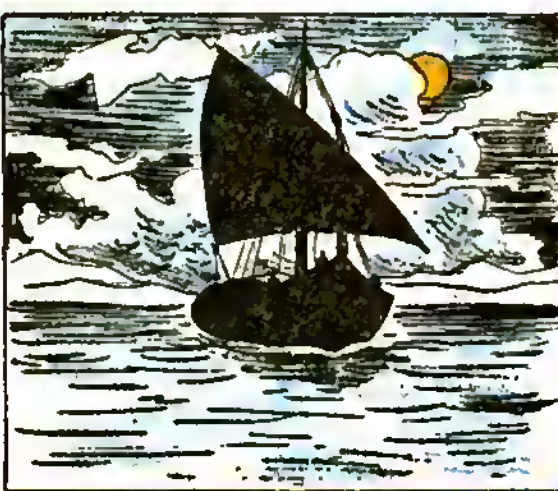
THEY MOUNT THEIR
HORSES AND RIDE AWAY



AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON, FOR OUT OF
THE GATES COMES A TROOP OF HORSEMEN.



BUT HOTSPUR AND HIS FRIENDS
HAVE TOO GOOD A LEAD, AND
SOON LEAVE THEM BEHIND.



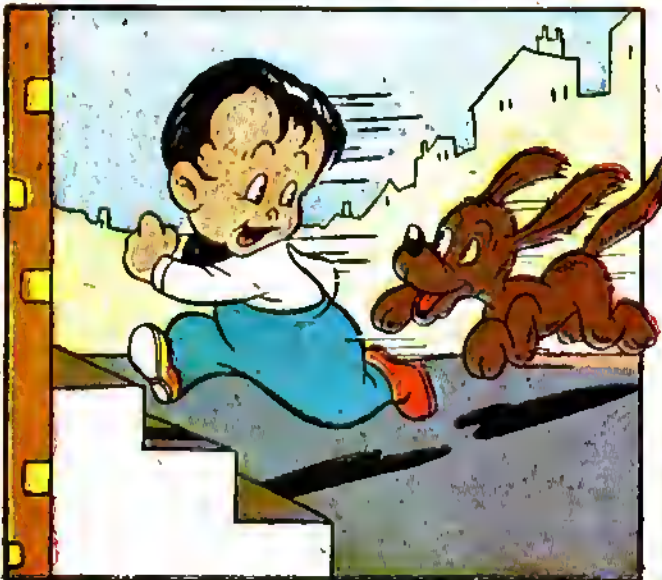
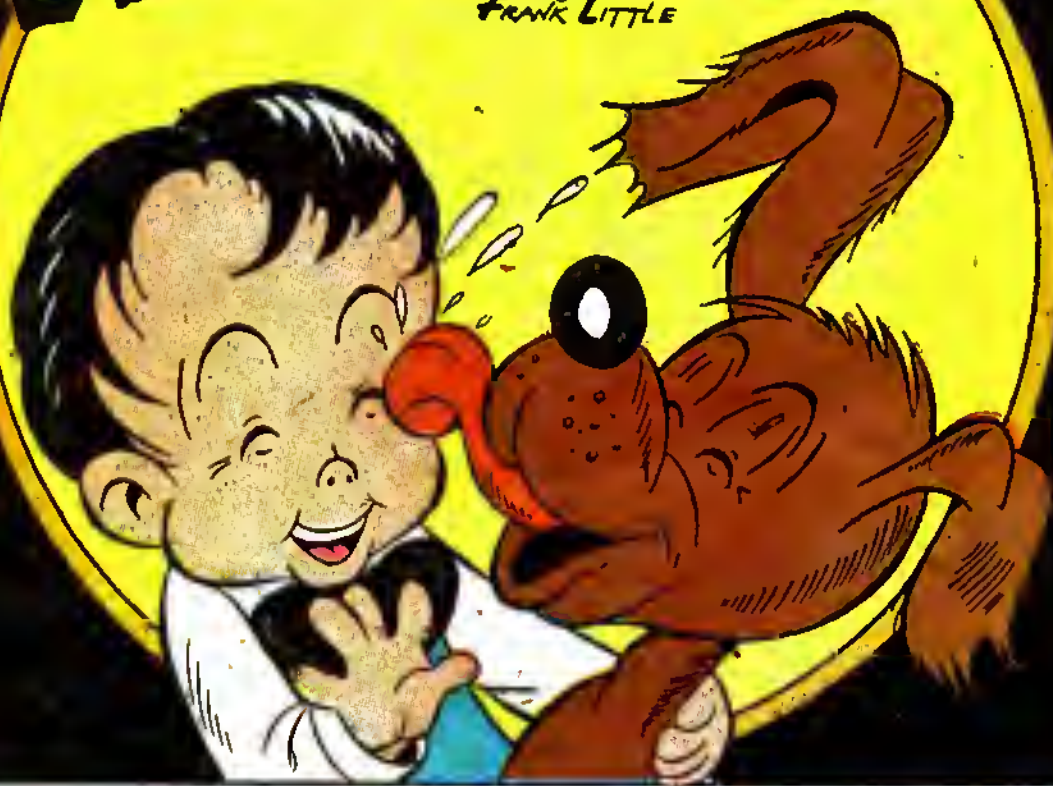
THEY ONCE AGAIN CROSS THE
CHANNEL BACK TO ENGLAND.

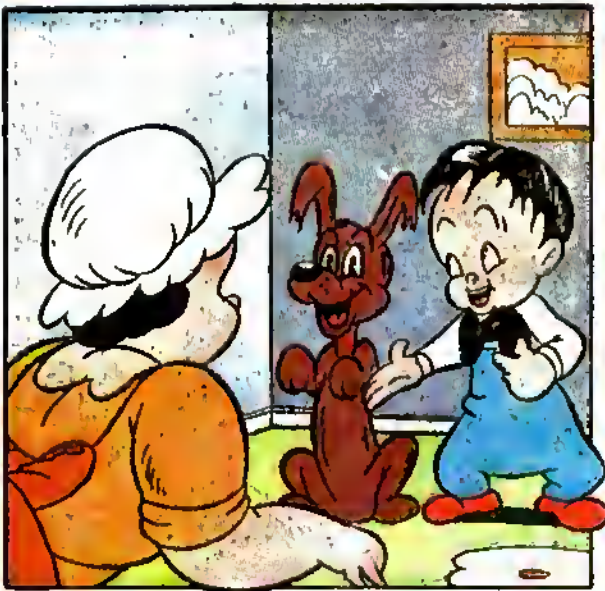


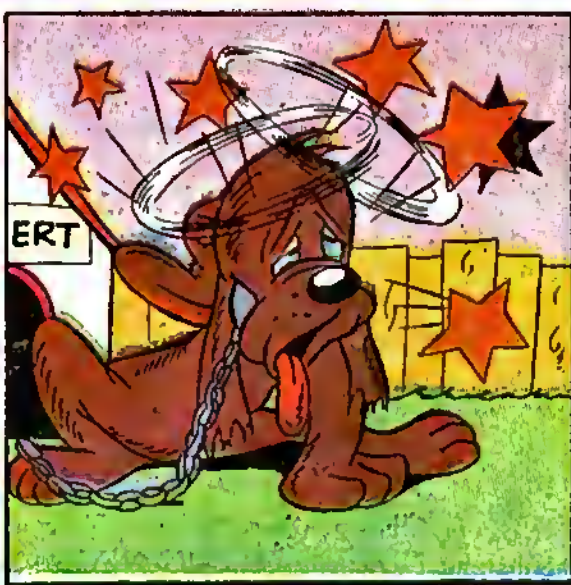
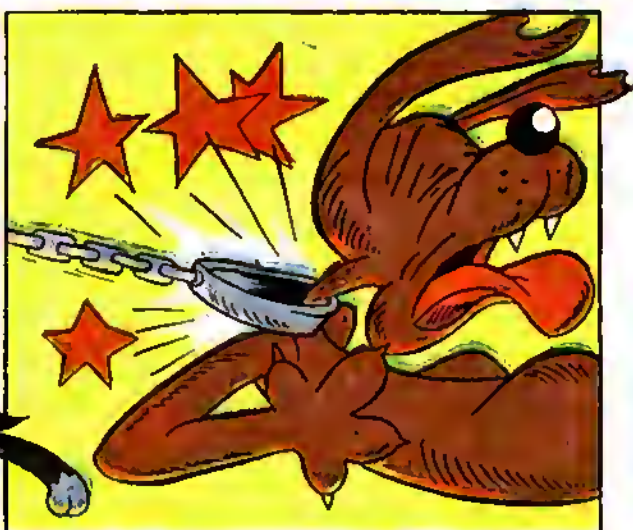
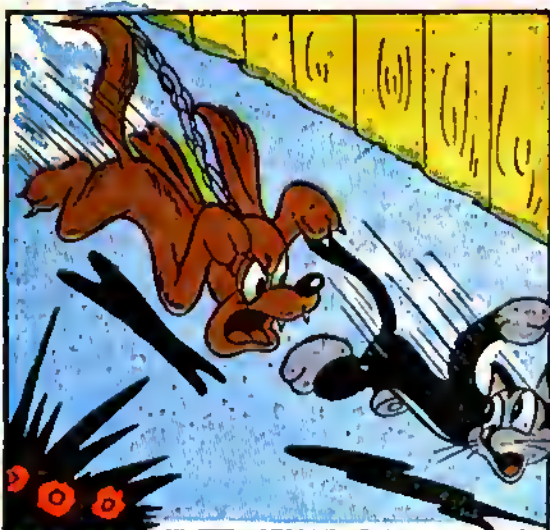
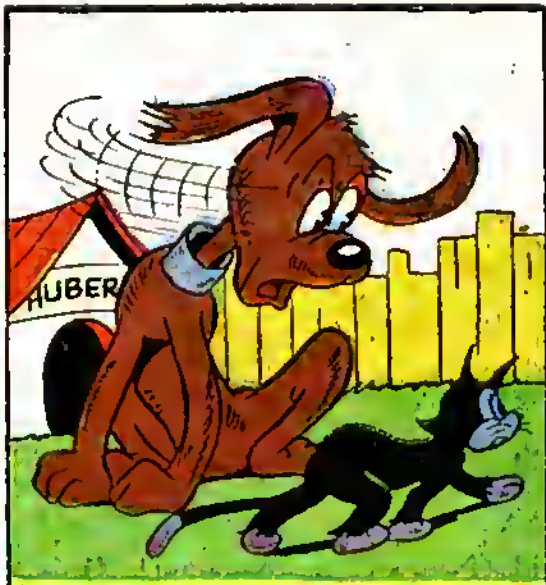
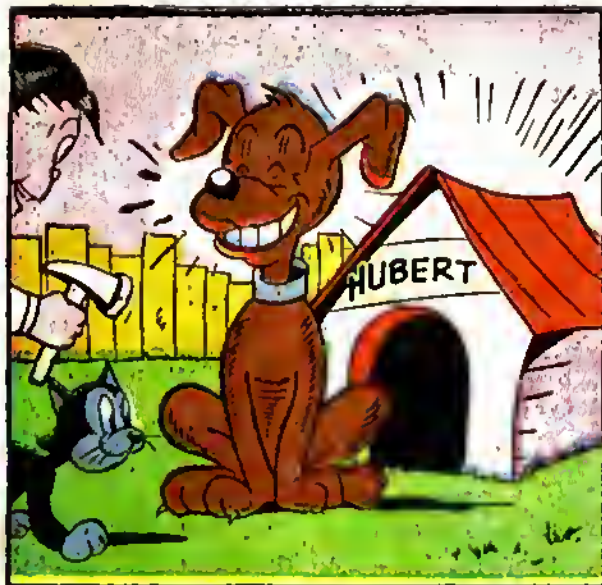
HOME AGAIN, THEY REPORT TO
SIR FRANCIS WALSHINGHAM.

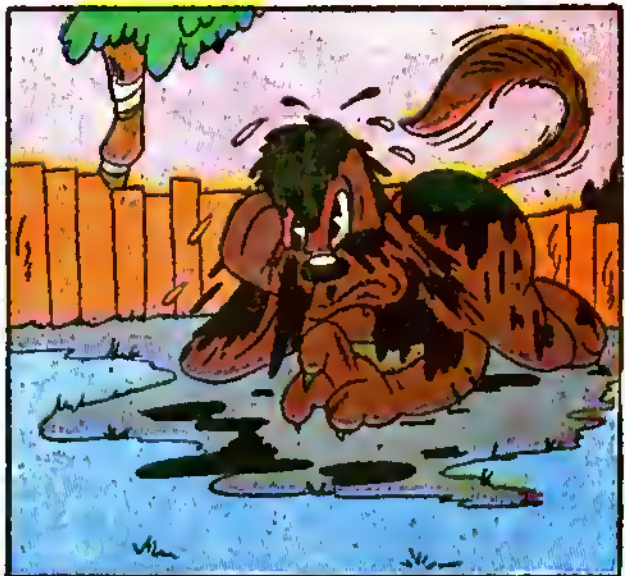
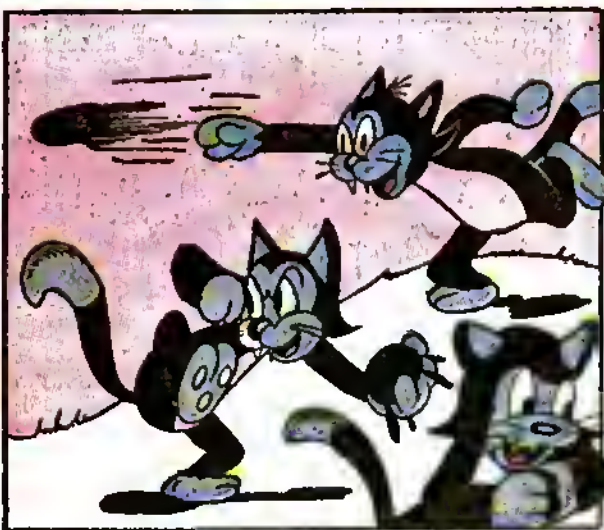
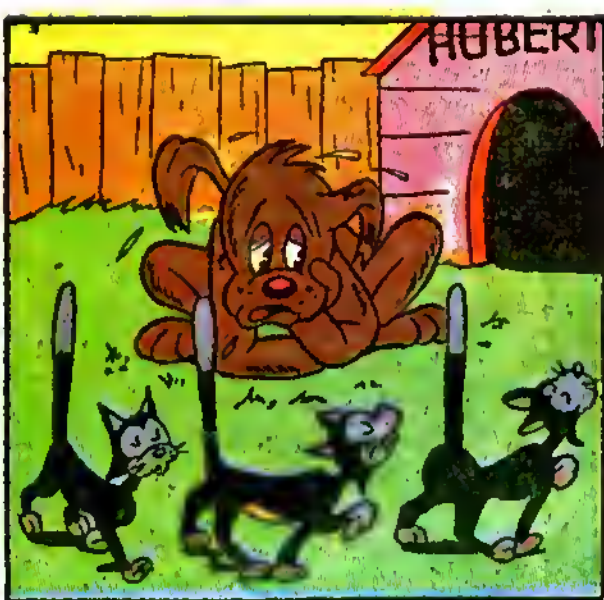
HUBERT

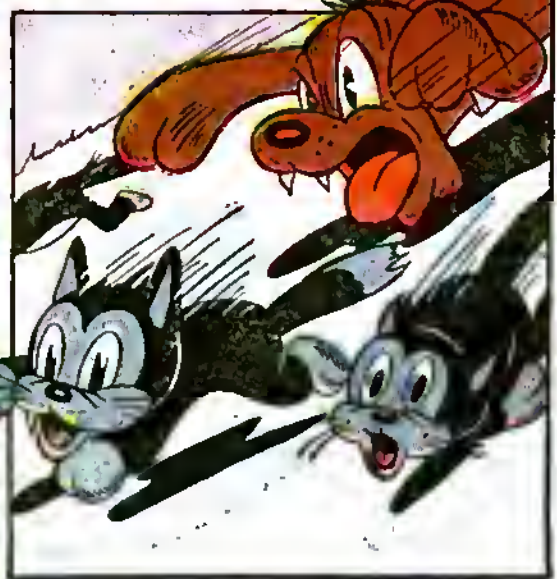
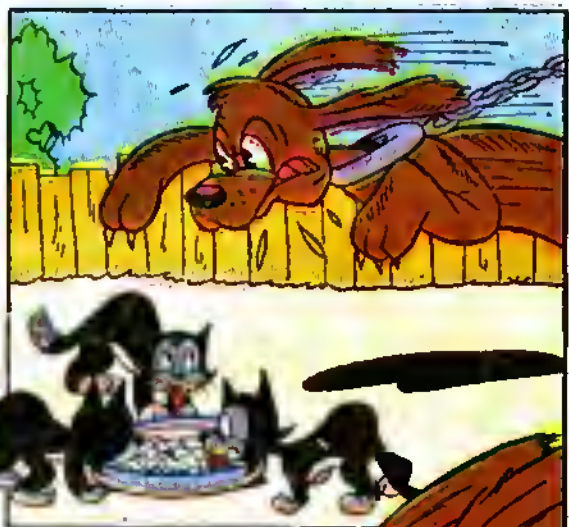
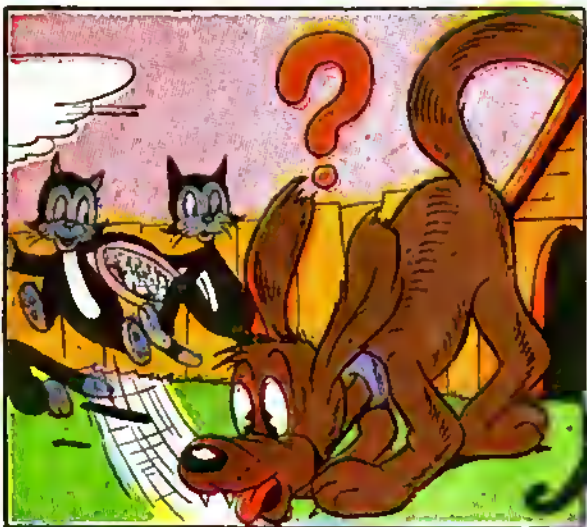
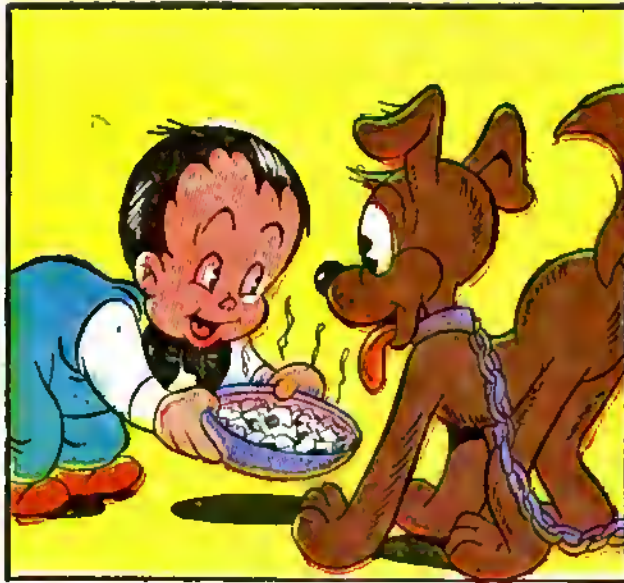
By
FRANK LITTLE

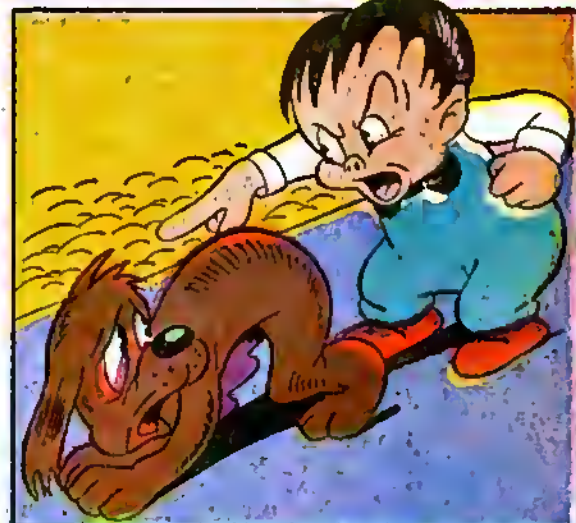
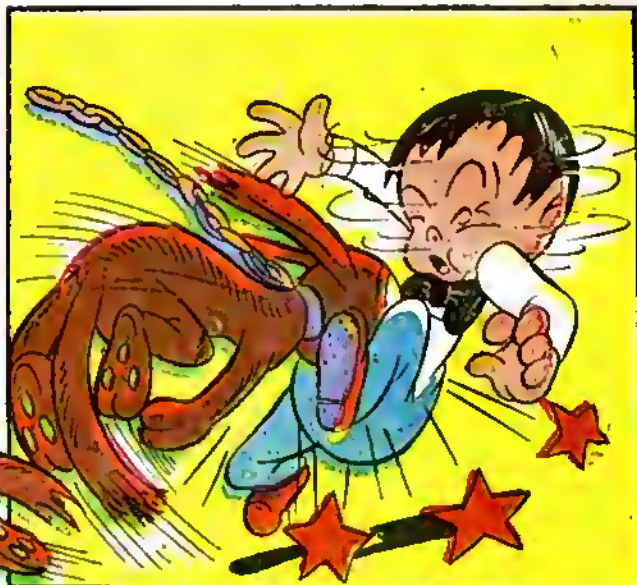




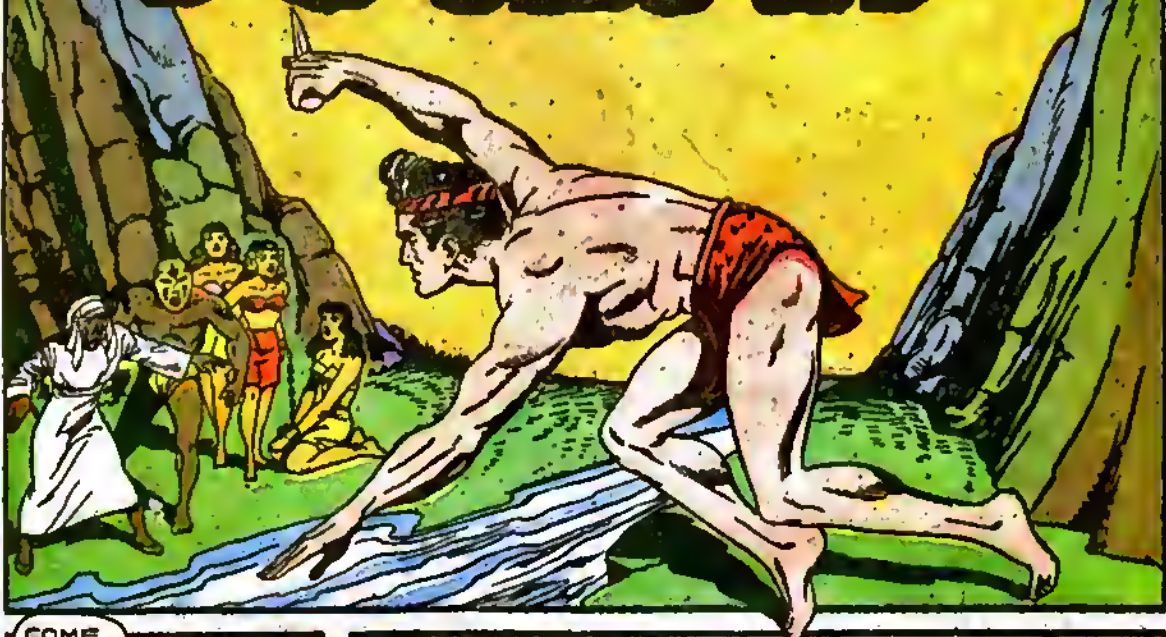








VOODAH



COME
BACK,
NUNA...
THERE IS
DANGER.

BAH!... I
FEAR NOT
THE CROCS.
YOU ARE
OLD WOMEN
BEFORE
YOUR
TIME!

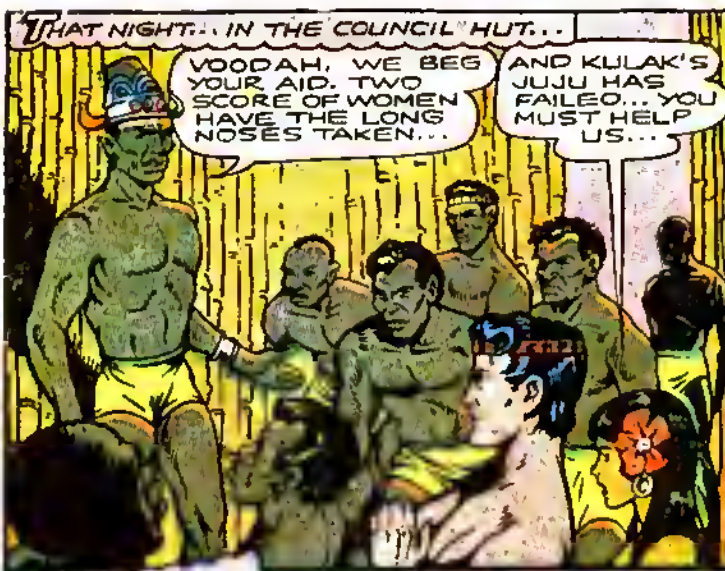
**BUT AN
INSTANT
LATER...**

**AIEE!
HELP!**

FATHER! VOODAH!... COME
QUICKLY! THE LONGNOSES HAVE
STRUCK AGAIN!

WAH!... THE
PRINCESS BEARS EVIL
NEWS. THE CROCS DEVOUR
OUR MAIDENS. WE ARE
CURSED!



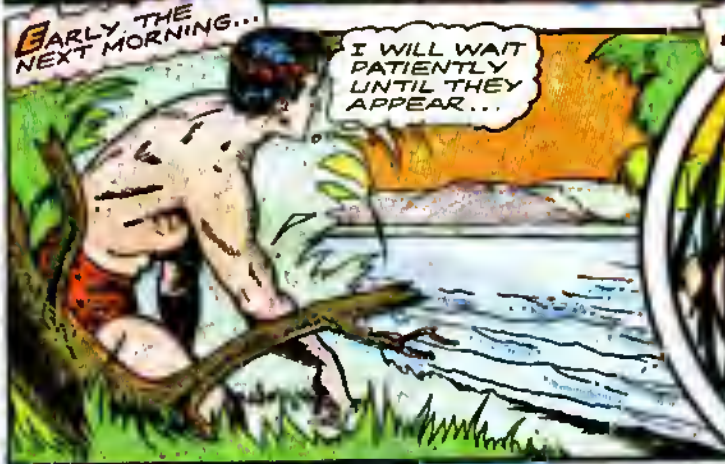


THAT NIGHT... IN THE COUNCIL HUT...

VOODAH, WE BEG YOUR AID. TWO SCORE OF WOMEN HAVE THE LONG NOSES TAKEN...

AND KULAK'S JUJU HAS FAILED... YOU MUST HELP US...

FEAR NOT, OLD FRIEND. I WILL AID YOUR TRIBE. THE SLIMY INVADERS SHALL FEEL VOODAH'S BLADE!



EARLY, THE NEXT MORNING...

I WILL WAIT PATIENTLY UNTIL THEY APPEAR...



SLOWLY THE LONG DAY PASSES...

COME FORTH, SCALY ONES... DO YE FEAR ME SO GREATLY?



AND AT DUSK...

HO! SOME-ONE COMES... IT IS THE LIGHT STEP OF A MAIDEN...



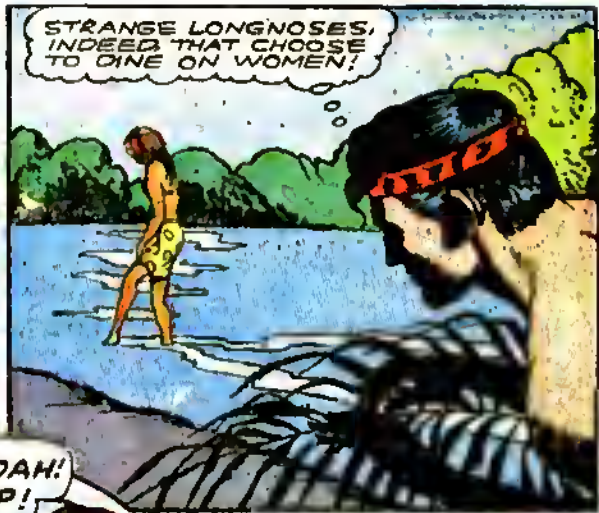
AH, YOU, MONEE! WOULD YOU AID A PLAN OF MINE, LITTLE ONE?

SPEAK, BRAVE VOODAH AND I WILL OBEY.



THE MOON IS HIGH, MONEE. IT IS TIME TO EXPERIMENT.

OO NOT DESERT ME, OR I AM DOOMED.



STRANGE LONGNOSES, INDEED THAT CHOOSE TO DINE ON WOMEN!



VOODAH! HELP!



SO! AT LAST THEY TAKE BAIT! FEAR NOT, MONEE!



AYEE! THIS IS A STRANGE MONSTER!

OPEN YOUR EYES, MONEE, AND SEE THIS THING... IT IS AS I THOUGHT!



JUUU!

NO, NOT JUJU... BUT IT HAS GIVEN ME OTHER THOUGHTS!

HASTEN, MONEE.
BRING YOUR
FATHER AND HIS
WARRIORS... I
REMAIN...



**BUT FEARING FOR VOODOAH'S
SAFETY, MONEE DISOBEYS
HIM...**

AIEE! HE MEANS
TO GO BELOW THE
WATER... IT IS
DANGEROUS!



THERE IS SOME
MYSTERY HERE
WHICH I MUST
FIND OUT...



A SUBTERRANEAN
CAVERN! AND VOICES
WITHIN!



MY LUNGS... BURSTING...
BUT HO! THAT DARKNESS
AHEAD...



**RIDGING HIMSELF OF HIS
DISGUISE, VOODOAH
MOUNTS A ROCKY LEDGE
AND...**

WOMEN OF THE
TRIBE! THE
REAL CROCS
DID NOT GET
THEM! BUT...



FOR THIS ONE
I'LL GIVE FOUR
PIECES OF
GOLD.

YOU ROB ME,
BUT THE
GOLD... GIVE
IT!



AT THAT TENSE MOMENT...

VOODAH DID NOT RETURN... I MUST FIND HIM... I MUST SHARE HIS DANGER...

SAFE... BUT WHERE IS VOODAH? OH... THE ROCK... SLIPPING...

HOLEEE! IT IS THE PRINCESS OF THE TRIBE! SHE IS WORTH MUCH GOLD!

OHH... A CROC... A TRUE ONE THIS TIME... THAT HOLE AHEAD... IF I CAN REACH IT...

WHAT'S THAT? NO TREACHERY OR...

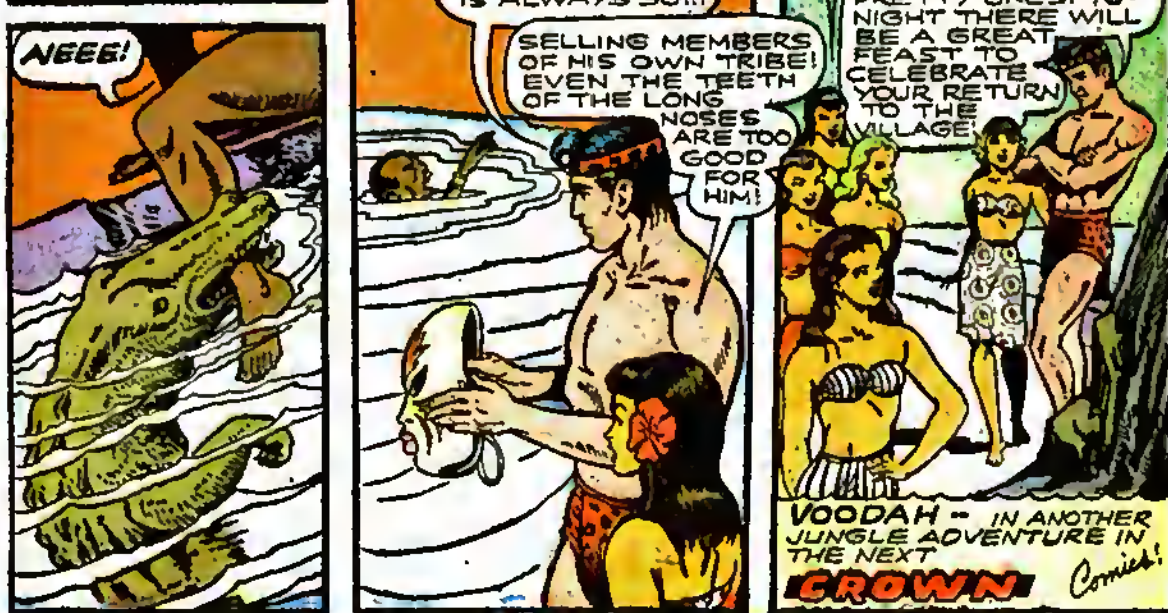
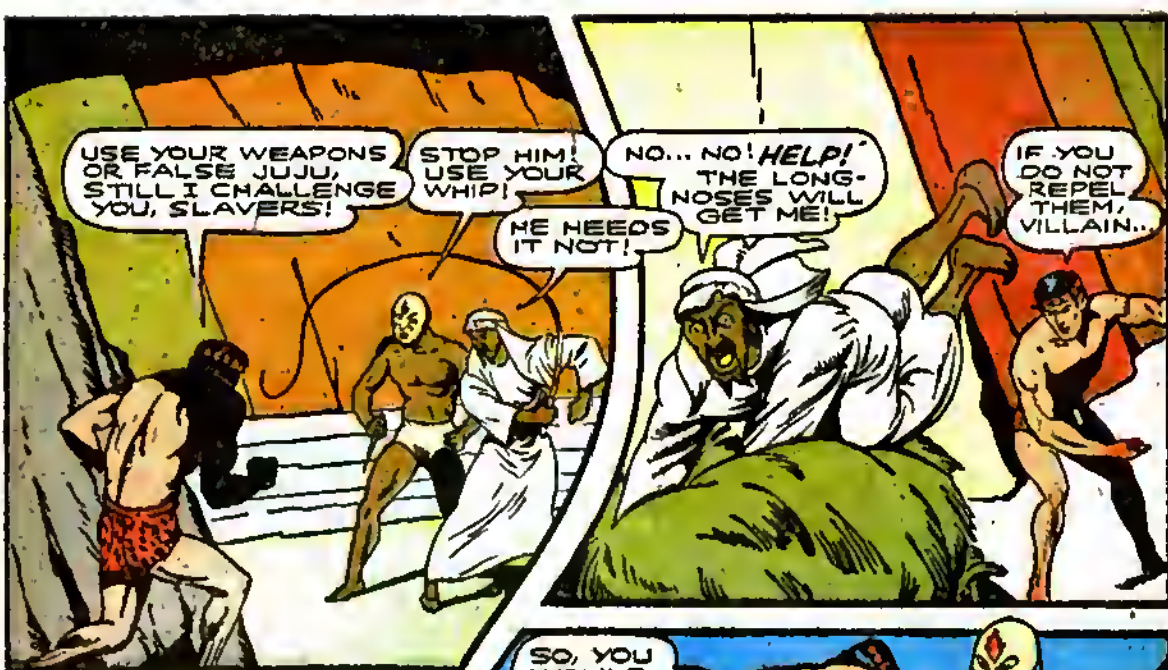
WAH! WE ARE SPIED UPON! QUICKLY...

LIKE AN AVENGING ARROW, VOODAH SPRINGS FROM HIS HIDING PLACE...

FEAR NOT, MONEE, I AM WITH YOU!

VOODAH!

HE MUST BE SLAIN... NOW IS THE TIME...



The Clue That Had Wings

My name is Tom McAllister. I'm a cop and, I think, a pretty good one. I've been on the same beat now for seven years, up and down Broadway between 103rd and the University, and in that time you can see a lot of screwy things. And some that are not so screwy. For instance, there was the old lady that was loved by all the pigeons.

Yes — I said pigeons. This old lady's name was Mrs. Mortimer, I never heard her called anything other than that, and she was a character right out of the book. She lived in an apartment just off Broadway and I guess that nearly everyone, in her apartment building and in those adjoining, wished she was in Timbuctoo — or in some other spot I'd better not mention. Because the old girl was nuts about animals and birds, especially birds! The birds — and when you talk of birds in that part of New York you mean pigeons — were just as nuts about her. And no wonder. Not only did old Mrs. Mortimer have that certain little something which made birds and animals trust her, and regard her as their friend, but she spent a lot of money on food for them. Many the time I've passed her and tipped my cap, only to have her stop me and ask if I'd mind carrying her packages a little way. The packages always turned out to be a couple of bushels of grain or cracked corn.

She'd parcel the grain into little paper sacks and, at certain intervals during the day, toss the sacks out of her apartment window into the street. How the pigeons loved it! They knew her by sight, or instinct, or whatever pigeons use, and it was something to see a couple of hundred of the birds wheeling overhead as the old woman walked down the street. They would follow her for blocks, their wings making a racket that set people to staring and wondering. You've read of the Pied Piper? Well, Mrs. Mortimer didn't have a pipe, but the way those pigeons followed her around you knew that she had something they liked.

Of course there were complaints. People called up the precinct and said that Mrs. Mortimer fed the pigeons too early in the morning, and that the cooing of the birds awakened them. Other people complained because, they said, the birds kept the street dirty in front of the apartment. And some complained just because they thought the old lady was a nut and ought to be put away some place. I took care of a few of that kind myself — and when I got through talking to them they didn't complain anymore.

But one morning I got another complaint. The old lady had committed assault and battery! One of the men in the apartment had shot at a pigeon with an air rifle — and Mrs. Mortimer had gone after him with an umbrella. I guess she put quite a few knots on his skull, because after he got all bandaged up he called the precinct and wanted her arrested. I got the job of going over and trying to smooth things down. She was pouring grain into paper sacks when I entered the apartment.

"Good day, Mr. McAllister," says she. "I presume you've come to arrest me because I struck that rascal over the head with my umbrella! Well — I'm ready to go to jail, but no one is going to mistreat my birds as long as I'm around to prevent it."

It struck me kind of funny. I pictured the old lady, with her long, black dress and piled up gray hair, walking down the corridor between cells. And she'd probably rap the turn-key on the sconce with her umbrella!

"No," I told her. "I don't think we'll put you in jail this time, Mrs. Mortimer. But after this, when there's any trouble, come to us instead of taking it in your own hands. That's what we get paid for, you know."

She just looked at me over a pair of square specs, sniffed a little, and went on filling the grain bags. I left and talked

to the injured party. It didn't take long to convince him that he wasn't going to die, and that it would be better for all concerned if he dropped the assault and battery charge. Then I went back to the precinct and got out of uniform. And while I was sitting on a bench in the locker room I spotted an ad in a newspaper that set me to thinking. It looked like something I might be able to interest Mrs. Mortimer in.

Someone was advertising, for sale, an aviary which was set somewhere up in the Catskills. The paper represented the spot as a five acre tract, with groves, a lake, glass cages, and all the rest. It sounded like a regular bird paradise, and a swell place for a bird lover. In fact—it sounded like just the spot for old Mrs. Mortimer. She had plenty of money, that I knew, and if she could be persuaded to give up her apartment and go to the Catskills it would solve a lot of problems. So, in civilian clothes, I headed for the old lady's apartment.

I never got there. Things started to happen just as I rounded the corner from Broadway and started down the hill toward Riverside Drive. Things were confused at the time, and still are to a certain degree, but this is the way I remember it happening:

Mrs. Mortimer was coming up the hill toward me. She had just thrown a sack of grain to her pigeons, and a couple of hundred of them were squabbling over it. And watching the pigeons fight over the grain was a little girl. I didn't know at the time that she had golden hair and blue eyes, or that she was the little daughter of Horace Donahue, the real estate man. I found all that out later on.

The car was long and blue. I remembered the late evening sun glinting on it like light on a deep blue lake. It came swiftly into the curb, the door opened, and a man leaped out. He walked straight toward the little girl. She just stood there, smiling at him and at the squabbling pigeons. Then he reached for her, picked her up, and started back toward the car with her.

"Stop!" That was me, coming to life at last. I knew the girl was being kidnapped. I sprinted down the hill, knowing all the time that it was hopeless, that the car was already moving away. I was carrying my gun, but couldn't use it, for fear of hitting the little girl. I felt pretty sick, running toward that car.

But the old lady did better. She had been within ten feet of the girl when the man grabbed her, and she got the picture quicker than I did. She was at the door of the car, yelling at the top of her lungs, and clawing at the driver of the car, while I was still fifty feet away. There was only one thing for the kidnapers to do. They did it. They pulled the old lady in with them and jammed down the gas pedal.

But I can run. And I was almost at the car door, speeding in second gear as it was, when one of the men leaned out and let go with a pistol. He was nervous and jumpy—the old gal had upset them, I guess—and he missed my center section. But he did clip me along the skull and I went down into a long, black, whirling hole in the concrete.

I came back to the world in a hospital bed. My friend Murphy was looking at me and grinning. He started answering questions before even I could ask them.

"You're a brave lad," he said. "You'll get a medal, I suppose. We caught the kidnapers and the old lady and the girl are safe. Everything is under control."

"But how . . ."

"The birds," said Murphy. "When the boys got there and picked you out of the street, and heard the story, they found the trail all marked for them. The kidnapers' car was caught in traffic six blocks away—with two hundred pigeons circling over it, thinking the old lady was going to feed them. They might as well have put a beacon on the car!"

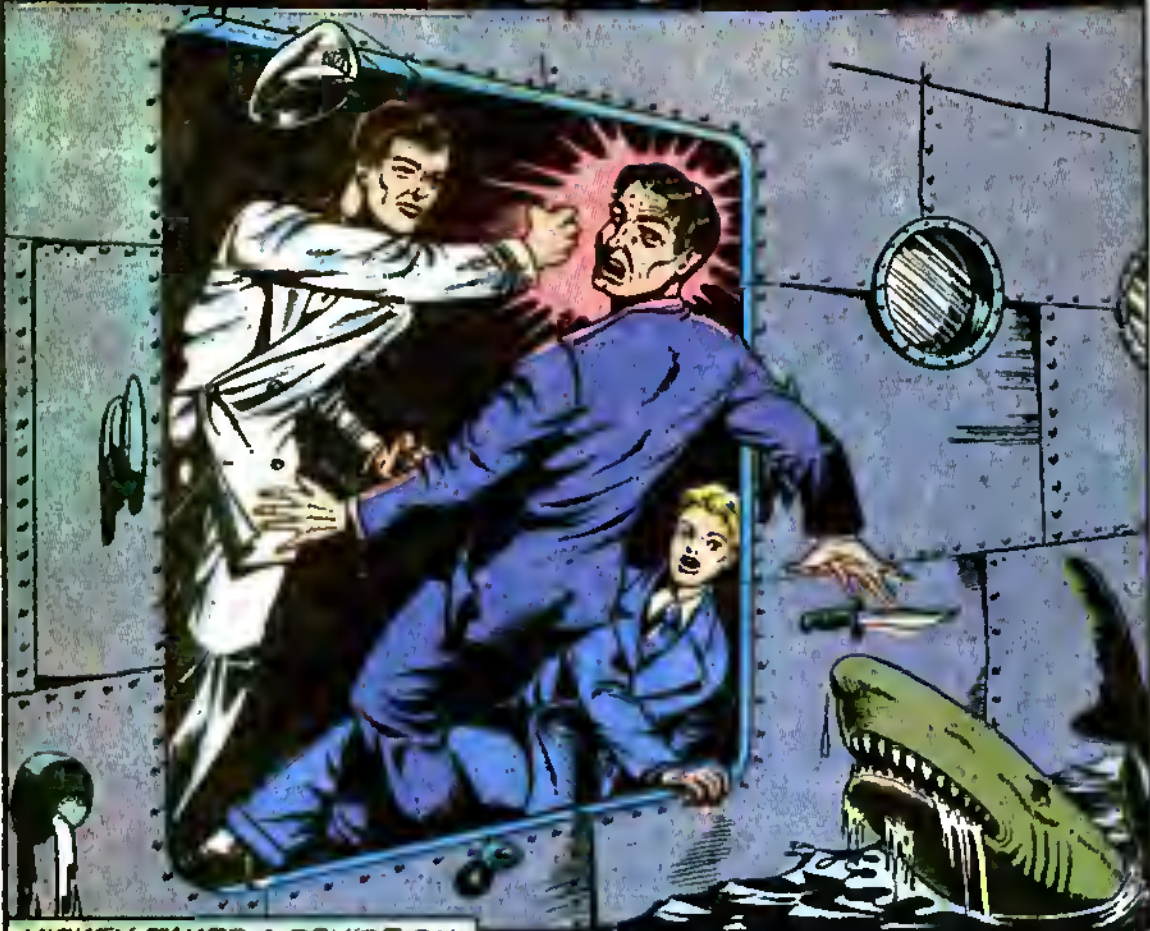
A nurse came in with my lunch and word that an old lady wanted to see me.

"A Mrs. Mortimer," she said. "Rather a funny old person."

"Show her in," I ordered. Then I looked at my lunch and let out a yell. "And hide this, for all the Saints' sakes!"

It was roast squab!

MICKEY MAGIC



MICKEY TAKES A CRUISE ON THE LUXURY LINER, NORTH STAR, IN A QUIET HARBOR...

ALL RIGHT, TRIXY, NOW LET'S HAVE A SWAN DIVE!

BUT AREN'T THERE SHARKS AROUND?

POSH! NO DANGER! NOT WITH THE SHARK NETS UP!

HAH-HAH! SOME DOG!

ISN'T HE CUTE?



BUT AT THAT MOMENT...



THE UNDERSEA TERROR SLIPS THROUGH THE NET AND...



EEEEK! A SHARK!

HE'LL GET THE DOG!

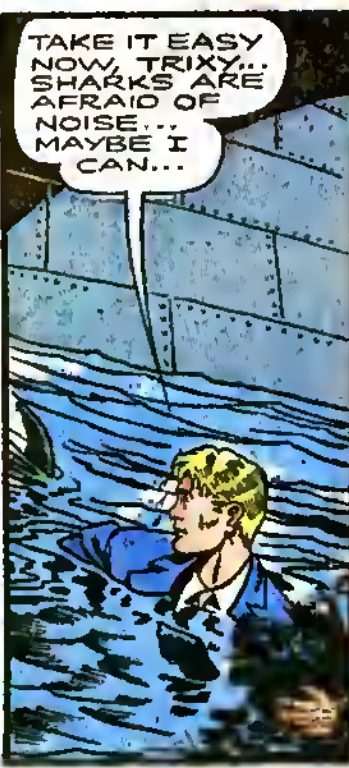
I'VE GOT TO SAVE TRIXY!



IF ONLY I'M NOT TOO LATE...

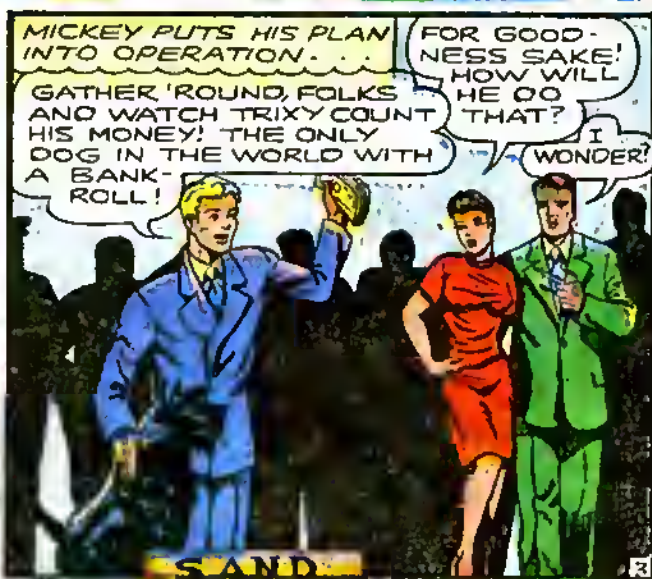
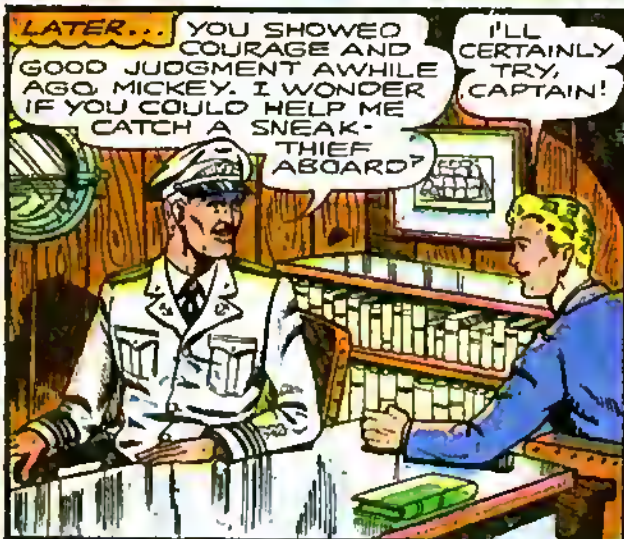
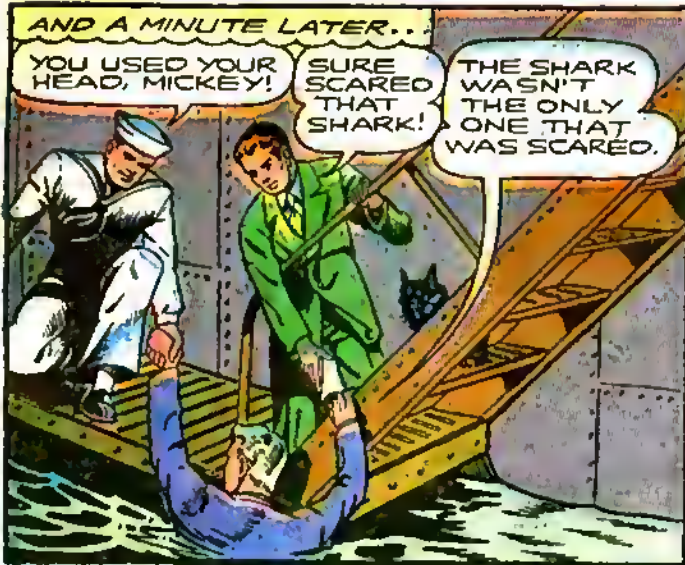


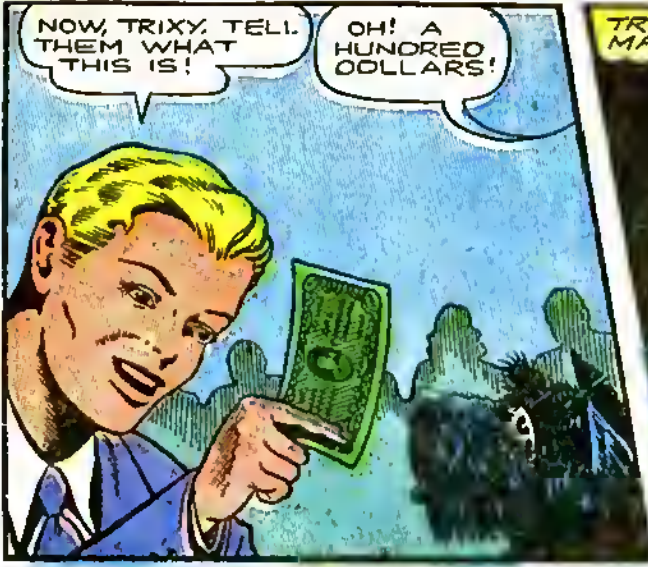
TAKE IT EASY NOW, TRIXY... SHARKS ARE AFRAID OF NOISE... MAYBE I CAN...



NOW YOU BARK, TRIXY! BARK LOUD WHILE I THRASH THE WATER!







NOW, TRIXY, TELL THEM WHAT THIS IS!

OH! A HUNDRED DOLLARS!



TRIXY HAS DONE THIS TRICK MANY TIMES BEFORE... SO...

HE DID IT!

SOME DOG!



BUT NEARBY...

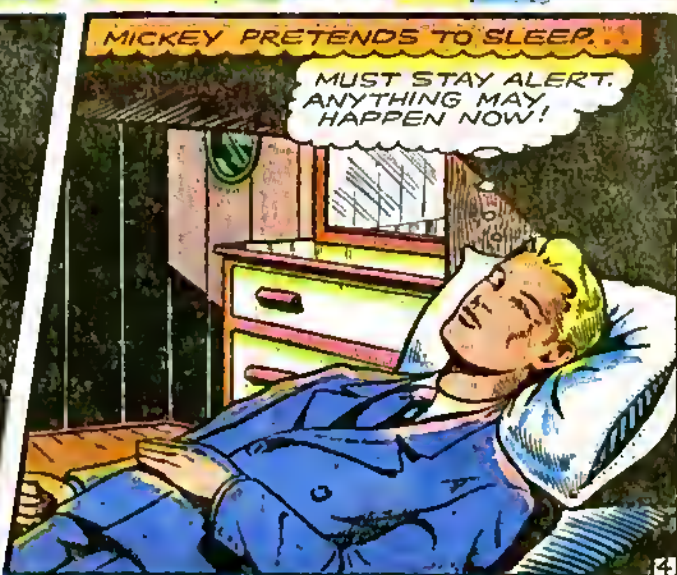
WELL! THAT KID HAS SOME WAD OF DOUGH! HE NEEDS SOMEONE TO HELP HIM SPEND IT! HEH-HEH...



THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY, YOU STAY AND ENTERTAIN THE LADIES, TRIXY, I'M GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE SIESTA!



THE TRAP IS BAITED. NOW TO SEE IF I CATCH ANYTHING...



MICKEY PRETENDS TO SLEEP.

MUST STAY ALERT. ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN NOW!

SOON A STEALTHY HAND
OPENS THE DOOR...

HUH... SNORING!
THIS OUGHT
TO BE EASY!

A REAL HAUL! I'LL
SPEND THE SEASON
IN BERMUDA ON
THIS...

BUT...

OH, NO YOU
DON'T! I'VE
GOT YOU
THIS TIME!

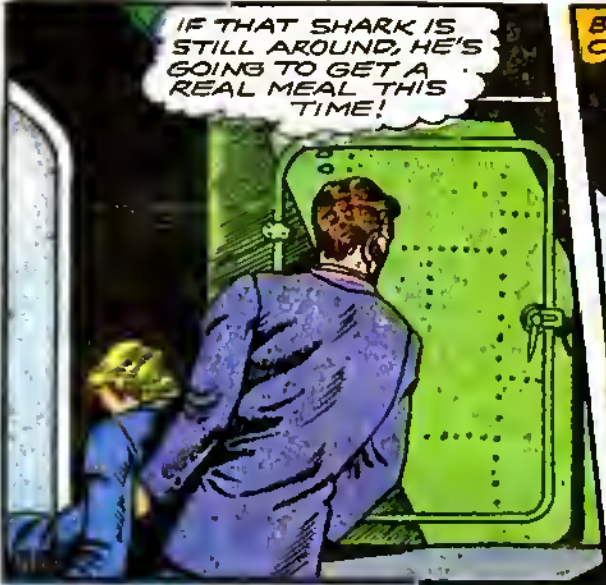
A TRAP!

BUT YOU'LL NEVER
LIVE TO TELL
ANYONE ABOUT
THIS!

STOREROOM
KEEP OUT.

NOBODY AROUND...
AND A NICE HANDY
LOADING HATCH TO
GET RID OF THIS
NOSEY BARKER!

IF THAT SHARK IS STILL AROUND, HE'S GOING TO GET A REAL MEAL THIS TIME!



BUT MICKEY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AND...

HE MEANS TO KILL ME BEFORE HE THROWS ME OUT! I MUST HAVE HELP..



SUDDENLY, MICKEY REMEMBERS HIS DOG WHISTLE...

THIS IS PITCHED SO HIGH THAT ONLY TRIXY CAN HEAR IT. HE'LL KILL ME IF I YELL, BUT HE CAN'T HEAR THIS...



BUT ABOVE...

WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!

HMM... SOMETHING WRONG, TRIXY?

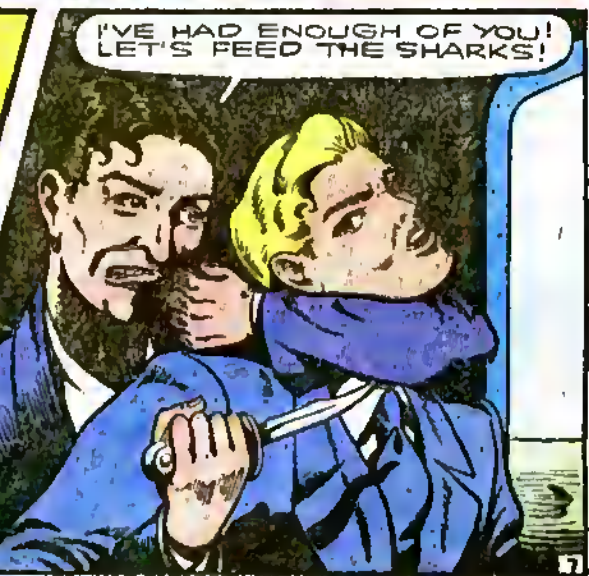
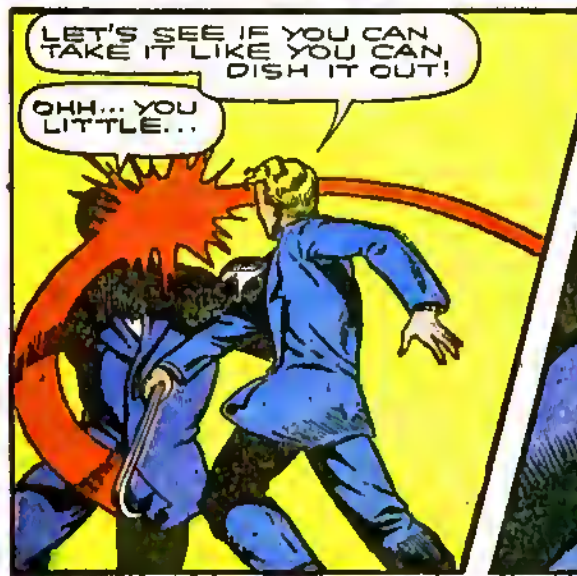
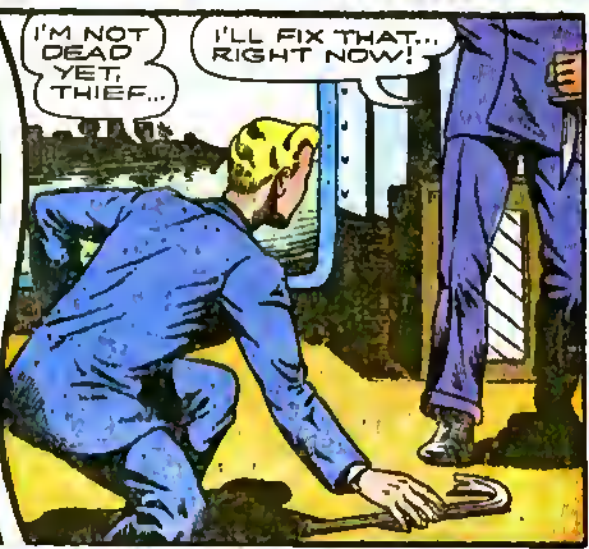
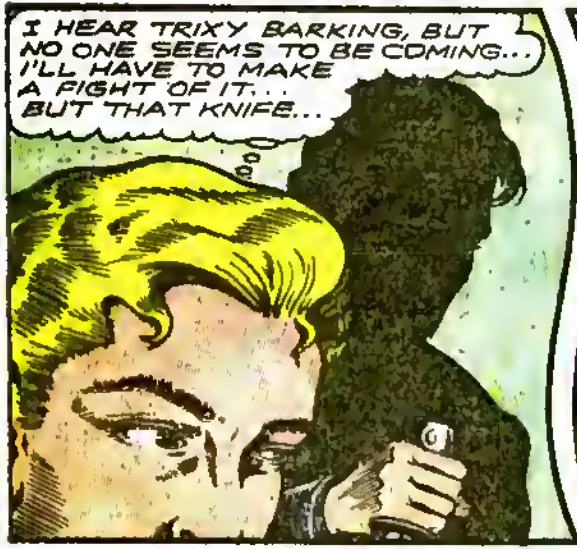
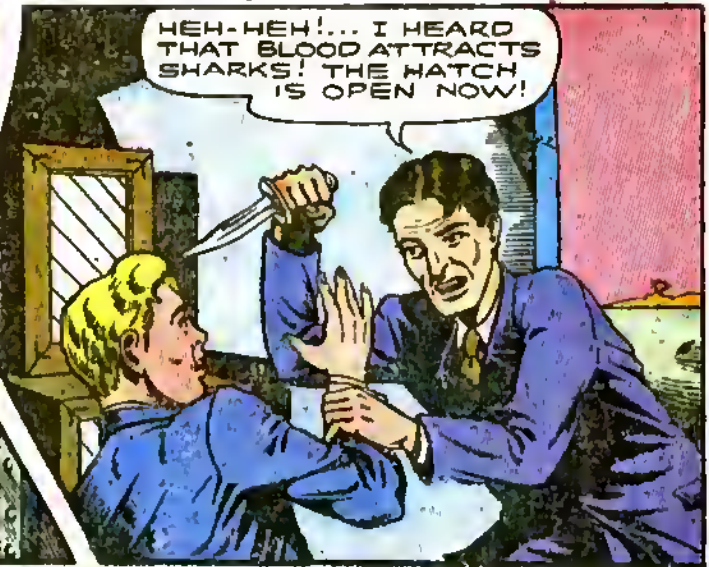


THAT'S FUNNY! NOW WHAT'S EATING HIM?



EEEK! SAY, THAT DOG'S IN A HURRY!



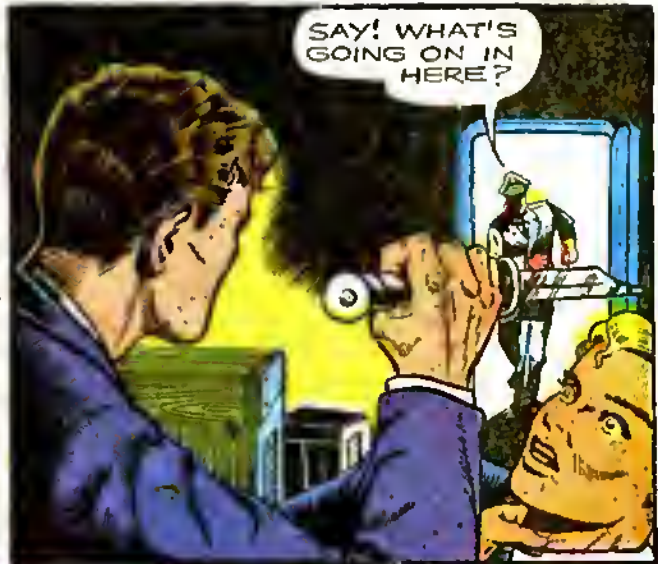




BUT JUST OUTSIDE...

SOMETHING
WRONG IN
HERE, TRIXY?
LET'S SEE...

WOOF!
WOOF!
WOOF!



SAY! WHAT'S
GOING ON IN
HERE?



GOOD OL'
TRIXY!
NICE
WORK,
BOY!

I'LL TAKE
CARE OF
THIS
FELLOW!

THAT
BLASTED
DOG... I'LL...



HELP! HELP!
I'M FALLING...



DON'T LET ME
FALL! THE
SHARK...

I'VE GOT YOU.
CAN'T EVEN
LET A CROOK
DIE THAT WAY...

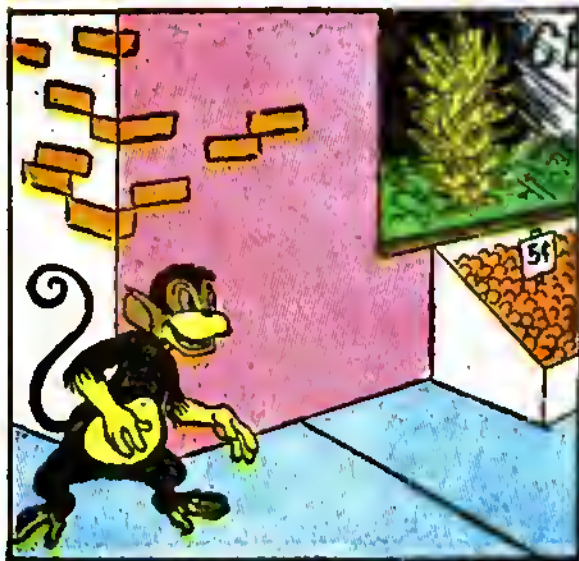


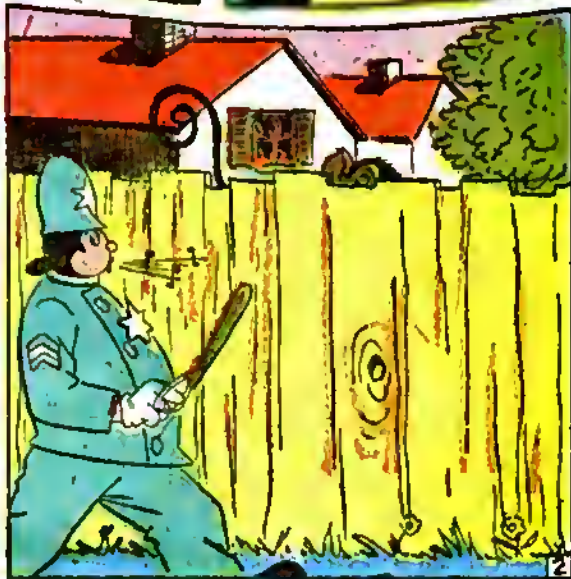
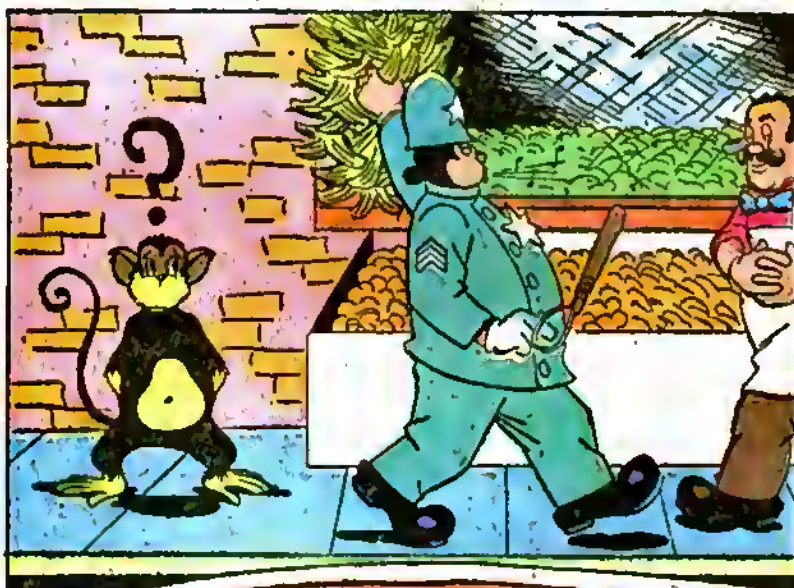
AND A LITTLE LATER...

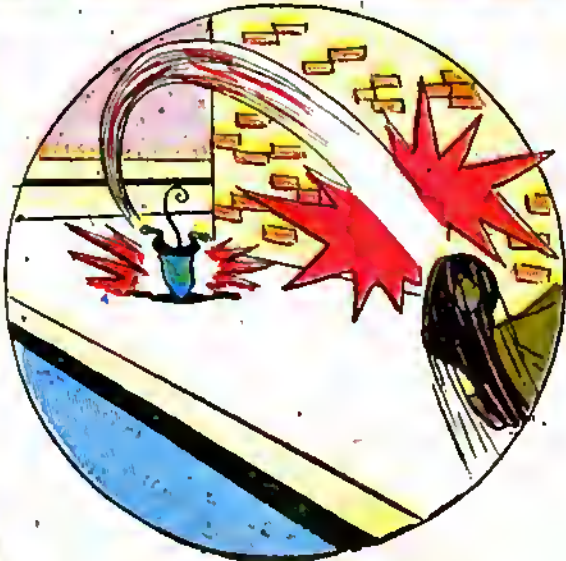
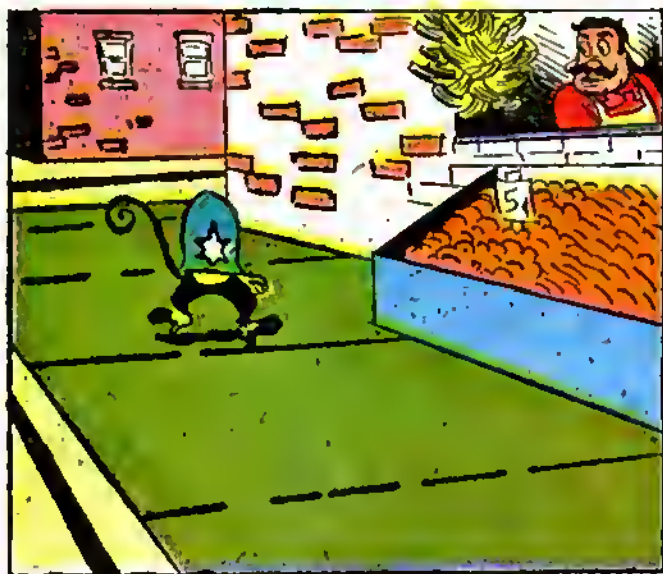
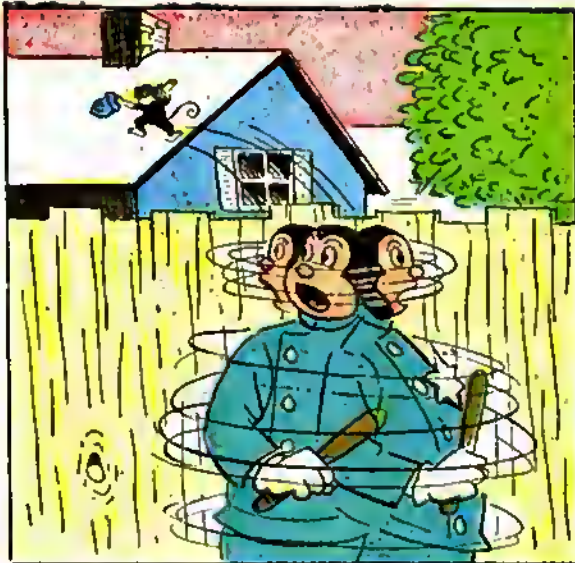
YOU'VE GOT
SPUNK, MICKEY!
AND USING
THAT WHISTLE...

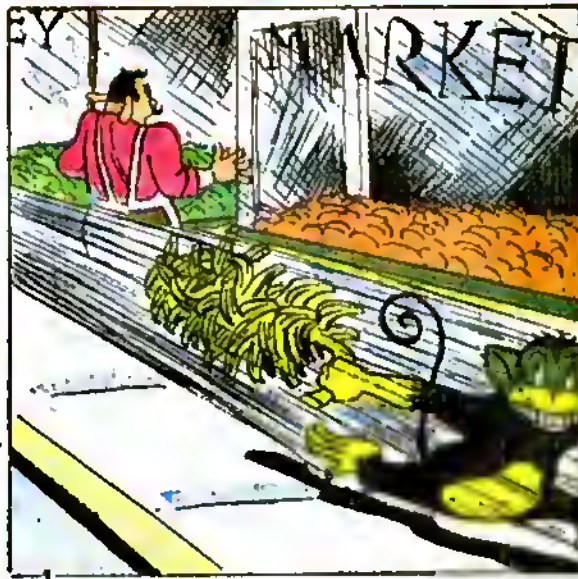
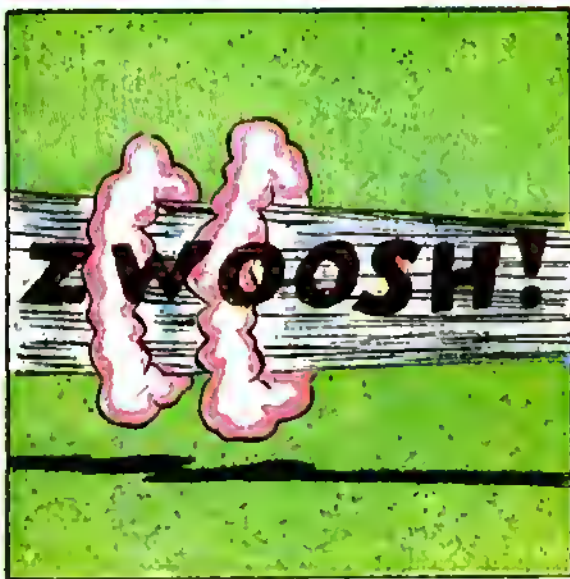
THE REAL
CREDIT
GOES TO
TRIXY,
SIR!

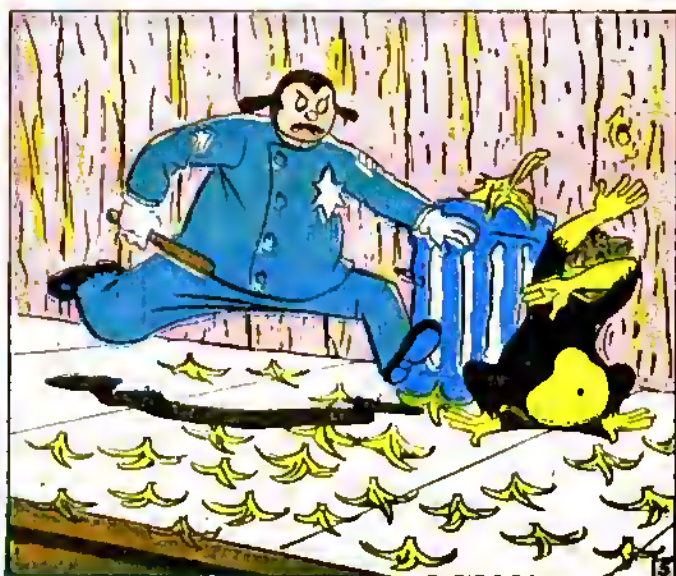
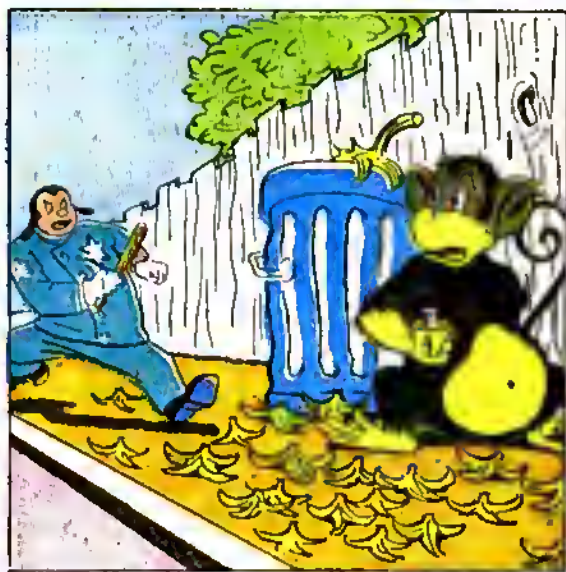
WOOF!
WOOF!

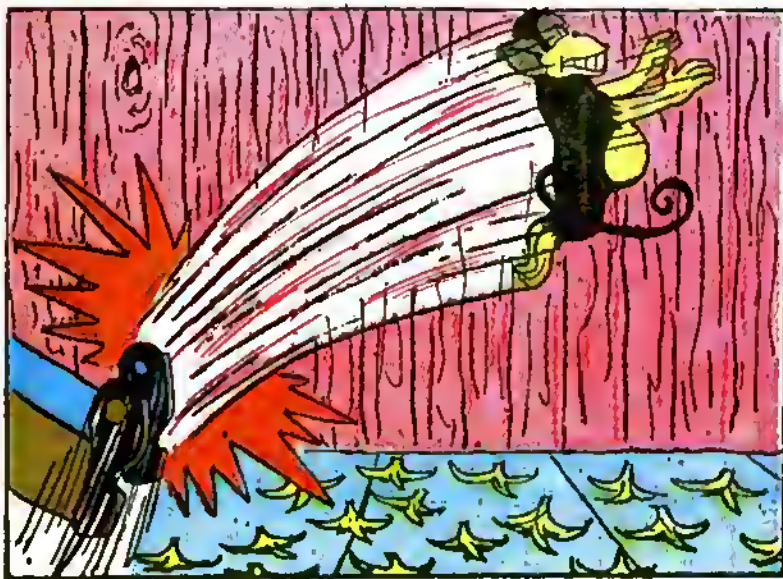
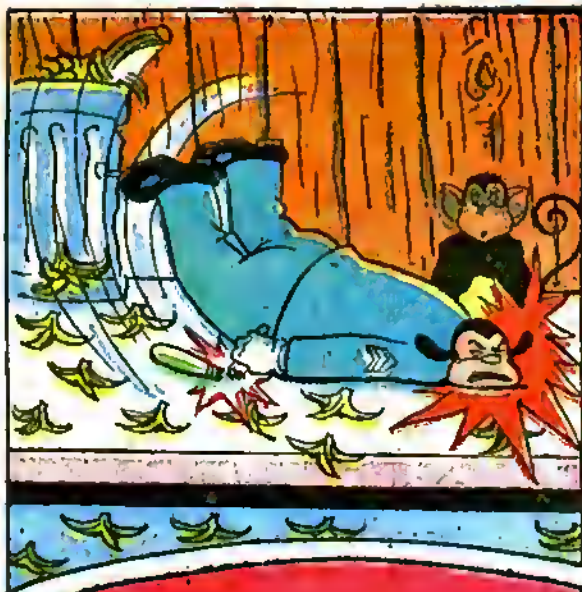












ACE OF THE NEWSREELS



FOR YEARS SCIENTISTS ASSOCIATED THE SCARAB WITH ANCIENT EGYPT... THEN ALONG CAME THE GOLDEN SCARAB WITH ADVENTURE GALORE FOR ACE AND FOGGY...

EEK! A NASTY BUG!

BUG? IT'S A GOLDEN SCARAB AND IT'S NOT ALIVE! BUT IT'S OUR PASSPORT TO THE BIGGEST SCOOP EVER!

YOU MEAN... WE'RE GOING TO EGYPT?

NO... TO THE GRAND CANYON!

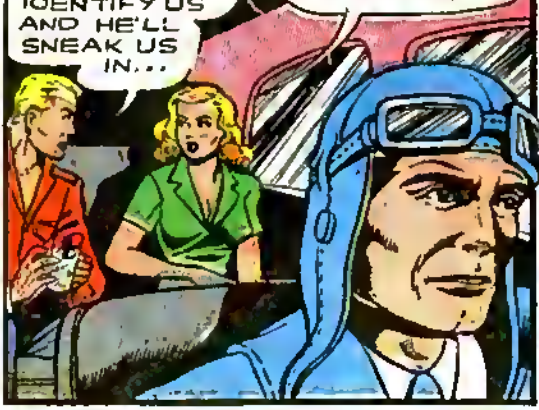
THEY'VE FOUND A HIDDEN CITY AND THE FIRST SCARAB IN AGES IN THIS COUNTRY. ALL VERY HUSH-HUSH, BUT THE FRONT OFFICE HAS GOT AN IN...



NEXT DAY, HIGH OVER THE GRAND CANYON...

WE'RE TO MEET PROFESSOR HARKINS. OUR SCARAB WILL IDENTIFY US AND HE'LL SNEAK US IN...

WE'RE LUCKY! GOOD THING THE PROFESSOR IS A FRIEND OF THE BOSS.



THIS IS THE SPOT, BUT WHERE IS THE PROFESSOR?

HE MUST HAVE RECEIVED OUR TELEGRAM...

HELLO...



ME CALLED LOBO. PROFESSOR BUSY... SEND ME. YOU COME QUICK NO ONE SHOULD SEE US...



AND MINUTES LATER...

ACE... IT'S SO LONELY. I FEEL UNEASY...

WE'VE GOT TO SNEAK LIKE THIS, HONEY... THE OFFICIALS DON'T WANT THE PUBLIC TO KNOW UNTIL THE SCIENTIFIC BOYS GET THROUGH.

HIM RIGHT! WE WORK IN LONELY PLACE, BUT MUST BE CAREFUL.



THERE'S PROFESSOR HARKINS, NOW.

HMMM... THIS PLACE IS A LITTLE DESOLATE.

I GOT YOUR WIRE. HAVE YOU YOUR IDENTIFICATION? WE MUST HURRY!

RIGHT HERE. AND YOURS, PROFESSOR?



THE END OF A CENTURY... PRE-DATE THE CLIFF-DWELLERS... THE SCARABS SEEM TO POINT TO AN EGYPTIAN CULTURE, BUT HOW...

GOLLY! THEY PROBABLY MIGRATED HERE THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO!

BRR... I STILL THINK IT'S SPOOKY!

WATCH YOUR STEP... YOU SEE, WE FIGURE THAT THE CITY WAS LOCATED AT THE BOTTOM OF A CHASM. POSSIBLY AN EARTHQUAKE CLOSED THE CHASM OVER THE CITY...

I GET IT... AND DIDN'T TOUCH THE CITY ITSELF!



THEY ROUND A TWISTED SHELF OF ROCK AND... THE LOST CITY...

SEE... THE PEOPLE WERE SCARAB WORSHIPPERS! ONE REASON FOR SECRECY IS THAT THE OFFICIALS WANT TO EXAMINE EVERY CLUE BEFORE THE PUBLIC COMES STAMPEED IN.

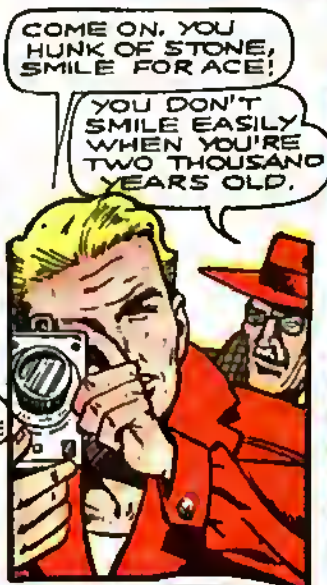
TAKES YOUR BREATH AWAY! NOW FOR SOME PICTURES!

COME ON, YOU HUNK OF STONE, SMILE FOR ACE!

YOU DON'T SMILE EASILY WHEN YOU'RE TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

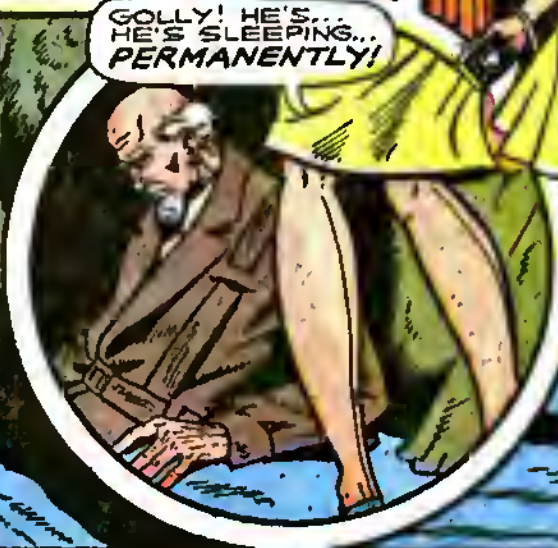
FOGGY'S CURIOSITY OVERCOMES HER JITTERS...

GUESS I'M ACTING LIKE A SISSY. I'LL TAKE A FEW PIX AND SHOW AGE I'M NO COWARD.



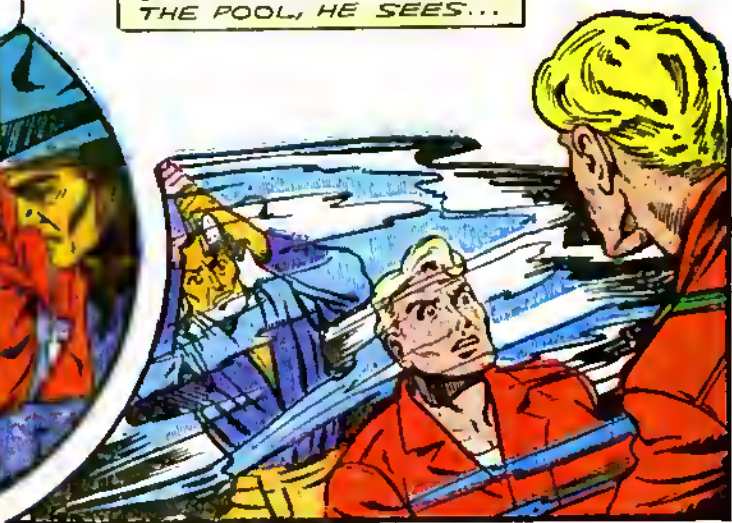
THAT'S STRANGE... SOMEONE OVER THERE SLEEPING... HEY YOU!...

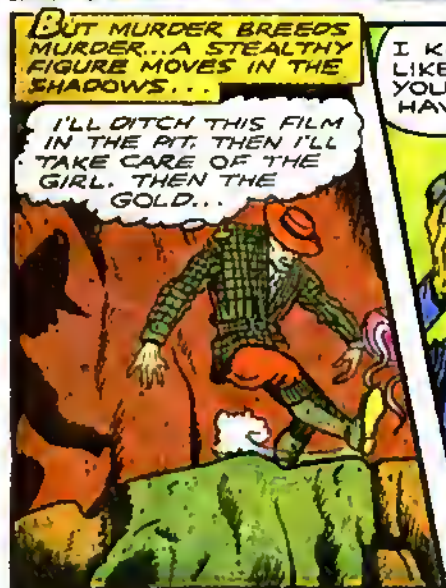
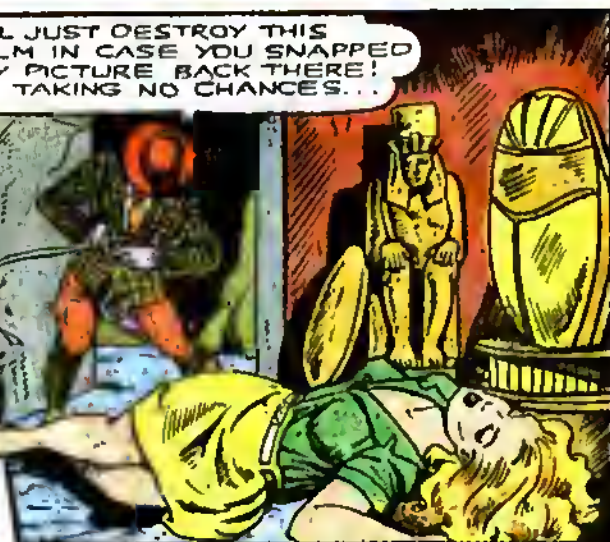
GOLLY! HE'S... HE'S SLEEPING... PERMANENTLY!

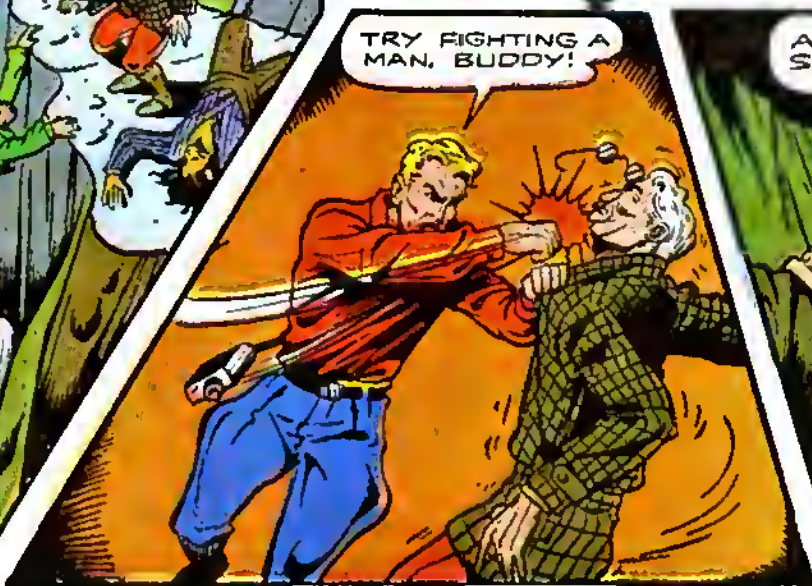
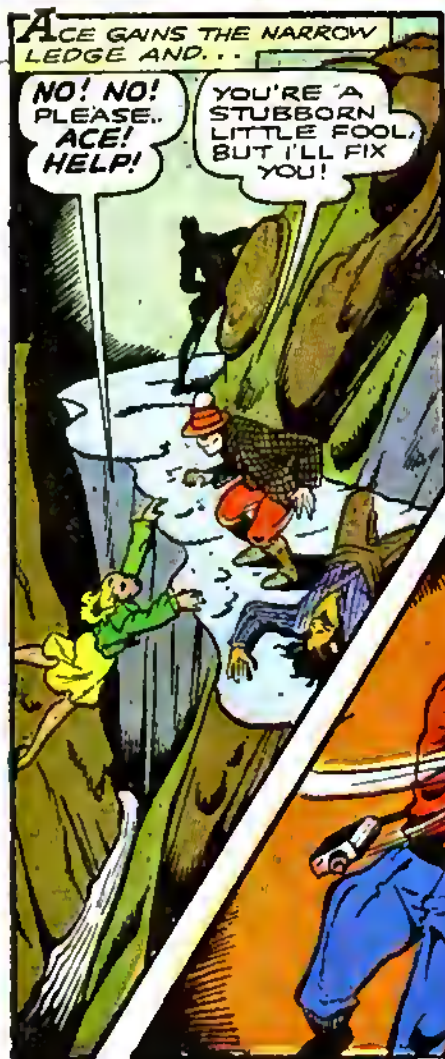




BUT AS ACE PEERS INTO
THE POOL, HE SEES...







GOT YOU, HONEY!
NOW RELAX...
ACE'LL TAKE
CARE OF YOU...

OH... PULL,
ACE. I'M TOO
WEAK TO
HELP...

THEY WON'T
GET ME...

BUT THE KILLER'S FEET
ENCOUNTER A TANGLE
OF FILM, AND...

AND WHEN THE
POLICE ARRIVE...

OH... HOW
HORRIBLE!

HE GOT
WHAT
WAS
COMING TO
HIM...

THE KILLER WAS
REX ANDERS, THE
PROFESSOR'S ASSISTANT.
HE KILLED HIS BOSS AND
HAD TO IMPERSONATE
HIM WHEN HE GOT YOUR
WIRE... PLANNED TO
KILL YOU,
TOO.

GUESS HE DIDN'T
KNOW ABOUT THE
PROFESSOR'S TIP TO
MY BOSS... LET'S GO
HOME.

HOME, MY EYE!
WE'VE GOT WORK
TO DO HERE!

OH... YOU
JUST WAIT,
ACE WILLIAMS!

The
End

BUCK FARREL



WELL THERE SHE IS CORNY,
NOW WE NEED NOT WORRY
ABOUT DEAD WINDS AND NO
SAILS.

YEH, THAT
ENGINE WILL
GIVE US
MORE
SPEED TOO.



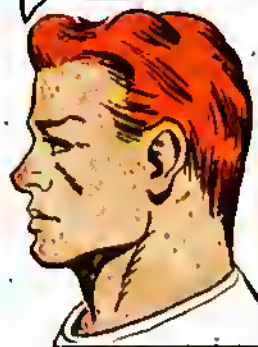
BUCK + CORNY HAVE JUST FINISHED INSTALL-
ING AN AUXILIARY ENGINE WHICH THEY
BOUGHT WITH THE MONEY THE HAITIAN
GOVERNMENT GAVE THEM.

HOW DO YOU DO - MY
NAME IS BROWN. I HAVE
A PLANTATION A DAYS
RUN OFF-SHORE....



WOULD YOU LIKE A CHARTER
TO CARRY SOME SUPPLIES
TO MY PLANTATION?

OKAY
SEND US
YOUR CARGO
AND WE'LL LOAD
IT.



AND THATS THE
STORY COMMANDER.

RIGHT CAPTAIN, FOLLOW
THRU WITH IT. WE'LL
FOLLOW AT A SAFE DIS-
TANCE. GET SOME ROC-
KETS TO SIGNAL-US IN
CASE YOU NEED HELP.



WE'RE ALL READY
TO SAIL MR. BROWN.

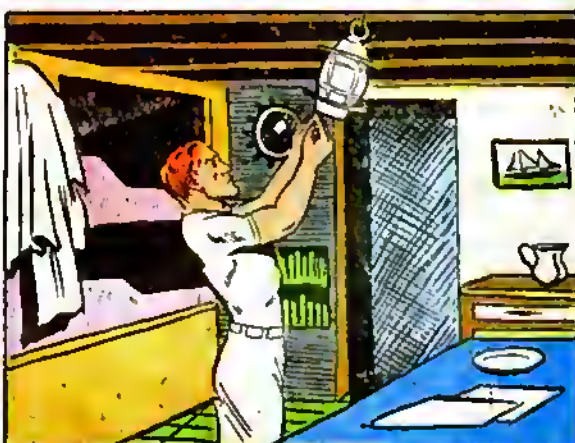
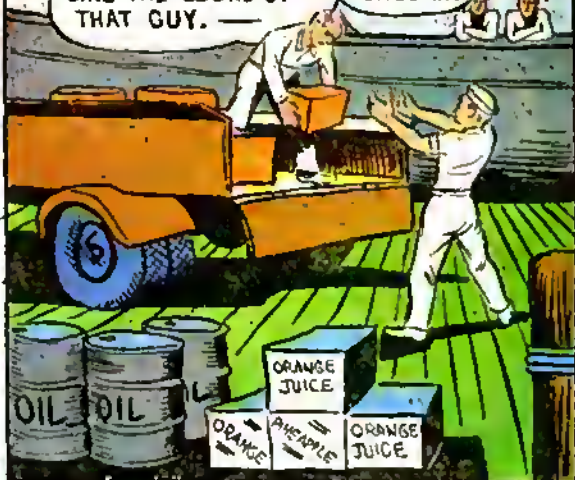
GOOO - THEN
LETS GET
GOING.



LATER

SAY
BUCK, I DIDN'T
LIKE THE LOOKS OF
THAT GUY. —

NEITHER DID I
I'LL DO SOME
CHECKIN'



BUCK INSTALLS A MICROPHONE, HIDDEN IN
THE CABIN LAMP.

WHEN BROWN AND HIS PARTNER GO
TO THEIR CABIN, BUCK SLIPS INTO
HIS AND LISTENS TO THEIR CONVER-
SATION.



LISTEN CARE -
FULLY PETE -
WHEN WE REACH
THE PLANTATION
OUR SENTRY IN
THE BOATHOUSE
WILL COVER FARREL
AND HIS CREW.

NOW LOOK
NICK, NOTHING
HAD BETTER GO
WRONG CAUSE
IT'LL BE OUR
NECKS.



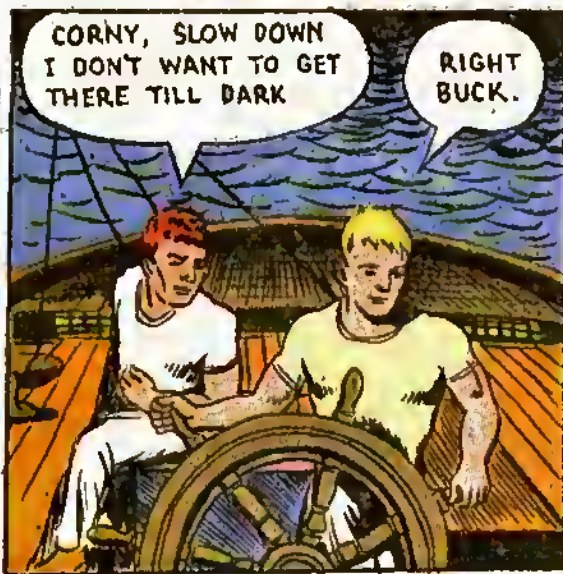
DON'T WORRY, ALL WE HAVE
TO DO IS GET THOSE SUPPLIES
TO THE SUBMARINE ABOUT A
MILE NORTH OF THE COVE AND
WE CAN GET THESE NAZI
BOYS TO SOUTH AMERICA.

WELL,
I HOPE
NOTHING
HAPPENS.



CORNY, SLOW DOWN
I DON'T WANT TO GET
THERE TILL DARK

RIGHT
BUCK.



LATER

FARREL - STAY HERE ON
BOARD, AND I'D ADVISE YOU
TO KEEP YOUR CREW OFFSHORE
TOO. WE'LL BE BACK
TO UNLOAD.



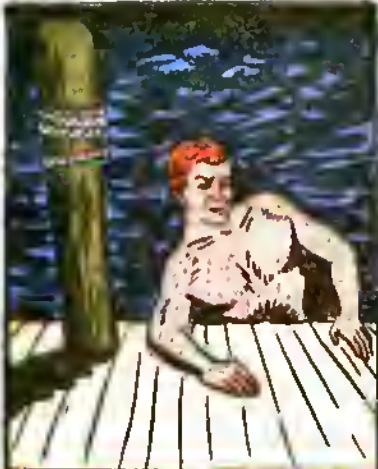
MR. BROWN AND HIS PARTNER
GO ASHORE.



UNKNOWN TO THE CREW EXCEPT
BUCK, THERE IS A MACHINE-GUN TRAINED
ON THEM FROM THE SHACK.



BUCK EQUIPS HIMSELF WITH AN
AXE AND SLIPS OVERBOARD.



BUCK CLIMBS STEALTHILY
ONTO THE DOCK.....



HE REACHES THE
SHACK UNNOTICED.....



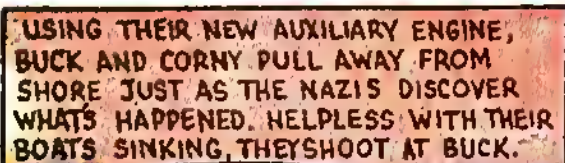
THE STARTLED SENTRY DOES
NOT HAVE TIME TO CRY OUT.



REMOVING THE GUN BREECH - BUCK
SETS TO WORK DESTROYING THEIR BOATS.



HIS WORK ACCOMPLISHED HE SWIMS
BACK TO THE SUZY Q.



KEEP HER MOVING FAST
CORNY



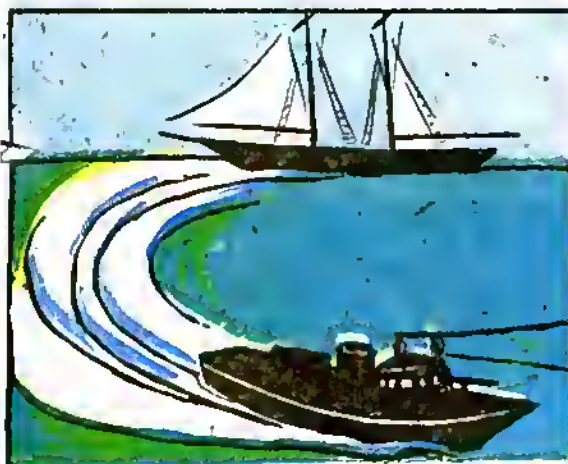
BUCK SENDS UP SOME SIGNAL FLARES
TO CONTACT THE COAST GUARD.



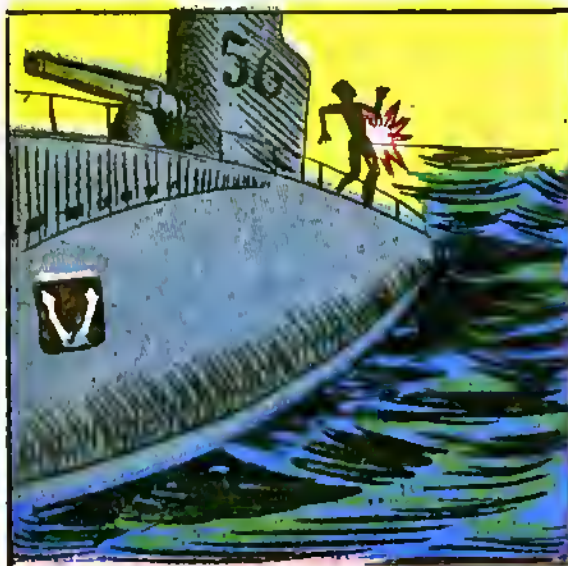
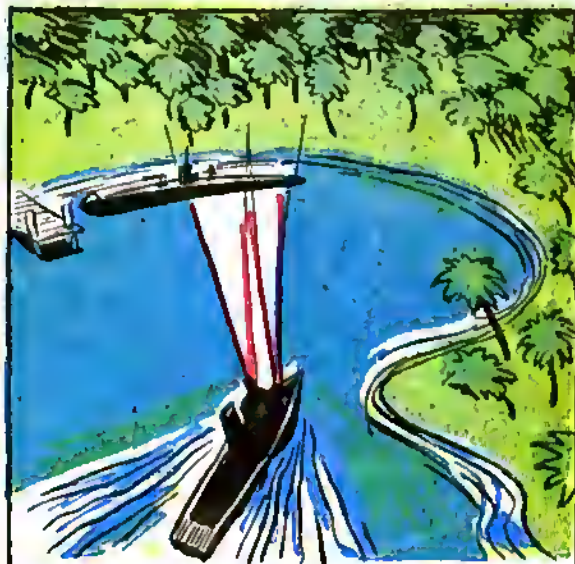
THE COAST GUARD CUTTER SIGHTS
THE ROCKETS AND MAKES FOR
BUCK'S SUZY Q.

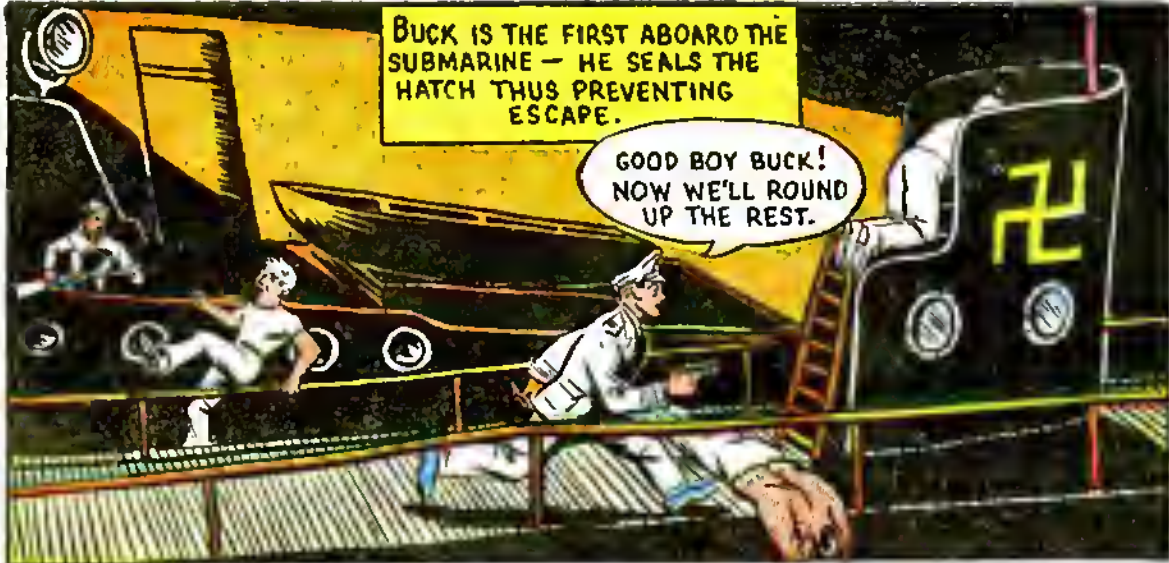
GLAD TO SEE YOU COMMANDER - THOSE
GUYS ARE NAZI SYMPATHIZERS AND
THERE'S A NAZI SUB AND CREW A
MILE NORTH OF HERE - LETS GO.

RIGHT BUCK



BUCK AND CORNY BOARD THE CUTTER
WHICH HEADS FULL SPEED UP THE COAST.





BUCK IS THE FIRST ABOARD THE SUBMARINE — HE SEALS THE HATCH THUS PREVENTING ESCAPE.

GOOD BOY BUCK!
NOW WE'LL ROUND
UP THE REST.



THE REST OF THE SUBMARINE
CREW IS ROUNDED UP.



WHEN WILL YOU BOYS
LEARN THAT NAZIISM
DOESN'T PAY?

THE TWO NAZI SYMPATHIZERS
ARE ALSO CAPTURED.



WHAT ABOUT THE
CARGO COMMANDER?

WHERE THEY
ARE GOING, FUEL
WILL BE TOO IN-
FLAMMABLE, KEEP
IT YOURSELF.....

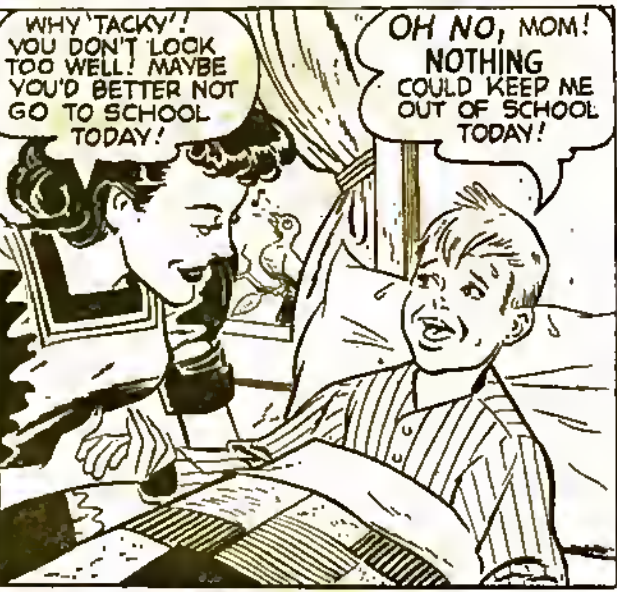
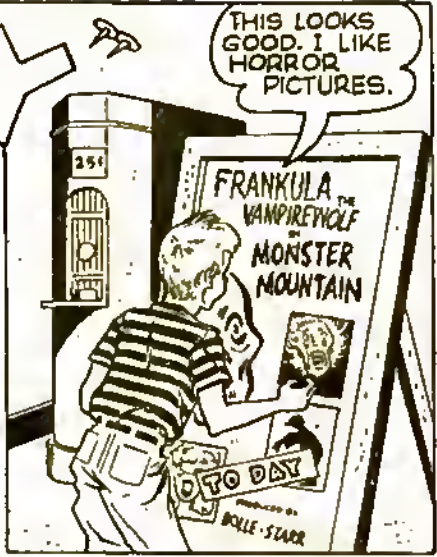


HOW DID YOU KNOW
THAT THERE WAS A
NAZI CREW AND SUB
HIDDEN HERE?

I DIDN'T, BUT
WHEN A TROPICAL
PLANTER
BUYS CANS OF
ORANGE AND PINE-
APPLE JUICE THERE'S
SOMETHING SCREWY
SOMEWHERE.



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